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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Italy; a Poem. By Samuel Rogers. Part II. 12mo. pp. 188. London, 1828. J. Murray.

Italy; and other Poems. By William Southey. 12mo. pp. 342. London, 1828. J. Murray.

It is rather a curious coincidence, thus to have before us two volumes of the same title, by the same publisher, at the same time, and written by two bards who seek to entwine their laurels and myrtles round heads that have long been gay: we can hardly disassociate the *Italies*, as if they were *Sicilies*, and so here they must go together.

The first part of Mr. Rogers' work was published about six years ago, and we remember that we mistook it for Southey's. We do not think that its continuation could lead us into the like error; for though the plan and style are very similar, we cannot but consider the whole to be inferior in power and interest. Indeed, the various subjects (Rome, the Campagna, the Pilgrim, the Fire-fly, the Bag of Gold, the Nun, &c. &c.) are but titles, though it must be allowed they are pleasing and elegant titles. A cultivated mind, dwelling on events illustrated in classical and ancient lore, as they are suggested by visits to their sites, will unquestionably raise sweet and tender images, and the descriptions of the altered scenes will occasionally flow into beauty and poetry; but there is likely to be, and there is in this production, a faintness and languor which fail in exciting any high emotions; and we retire from the contemplation of the whole, not only without any striking impression, but without any distinct remembrance of excellence. Still it would be injustice to deny that Mr. Rogers' *Italy* has afforded us a degree of gentle satisfaction, and that there is much polish, and a fair sprinkling of graces, to be found in his second, though not his better half. Let us therefore hastily run it through, pausing as we go, to point out a few of its defects and merits.

The opening poem, entitled the *Pilgrim*, is, in our opinion, a very poor composition. It shews the lack

"at the gate of heaven
Singing, as sure to enter when he came."—p. 1.

And within six lines we have odours that "come and go," p. 1; so that what is meant for simplicity sinks into meanness. The same remark applies to page 2, where there are—

"The path that led me, leading through a wood,"
and a brook

"that, in the day of strife,
Ran blood, but now runs amber!"

And further on, the Pilgrim, who gives a name to the poem, and who, in the veriest namby-pamby of the lake style, is declared to be "the first yet seen" by the writer; and lest that should be doubted, it is re-asserted that he is

"The first in other truth, no counterfeits."

This, to our sense of the poetical, is very piling. The next piece, called the *Interview*,

is little else than graceful inanity, wherein we are told of a very agreeable meeting in the country with a party who were enjoying field-sports, and were happily provided with a capital lunch, with "flasks of delicious wine," of which they invited the poet to partake. But his ideas of hunting seem, to our home-bred experience, to be rather remarkable. We have knocked down in our day, with our good double-barrelled detonator, the partridge, the pheasant, the woodcock, the rail, the duck, the teal, the widgeon, and tumbled over hare and rabbit,—nay, we have goured and hunted stag, fox, and hare; but never did we see or hear before of riding after quails and pheasants, as appears to be the practice in Italy: for—

"Peasants approached, one leading in a leash
Beagles yet panting, one with various game,
In rich confusion slung, before, behind,
Leveret, and quail, and pheasant. All announced
The chase as over; and the hunt dispersed
Their horses fall of fire, clamping the curb,
For the white foam was dry upon the flank."

There was also a falcon, however, which may explain a portion of this strange hunt; and let the *Melton Mowbray* look to it.

The third poem impresses upon us; *Rome* inspires the theme.

"I am in Rome! Of as the day, my
Visits these eyes, waking I scarce
Whence this excess of joy? What has befallen me?
And from within a thrilling voice replies,
'Thou art in Rome! A thousand busy thoughts
Hush on my mind, a thousand images;
And I spring up, as girt to run a race!'"

And I am there!
Ah, little thought I, when in school I sat,
A school-boy on his bench, at early dawn
Glowing with Roman story, I should live
To tread the *Appian*, once an avenue
Of monuments most glorious, palaces,
Their doors sealed up and silent as the night,
The dwellings of the illustrious dead—to turn
Toward Tibur, and, beyond the city-gate,
Pour out my unprepared verse,
Where on his mule I might have met so oft
Hornee himself—or climb the Palatine,
Dreaming of old Evander and his guest,
Dreaming and lost on that proud eminence,
Long while the seat of Rome, hereafter found
Less than enough (so monstrous was the brood
Engendered there, so Titan-like) to lodge
One in his madness; and, the summit gained,
Inscribe my name on some broad stone-leaf,
That should spread and spread within those very walls
Where Virgil read aloud his tale divine,
Where his voice faltered, and a mother wept
Tears of delight!"

The classic and tender recollections, which follow through several pages, are extremely pleasing, though they do not demand quotation. Of the ensuing poems, a *Funeral* is not so pathetic as it ought to have been; nor does the *Campagna* do much to redeem the level verse. The only fine expression we can detach from it ends the annexed brief example.

"Once more we look, and all is still as night,
All desolate! Groves, temples, palaces,
Swept from the sight; and nothing visible,
Amid the sulphurous vapours that exhale
As from a land accursed, save here and there
An empty tomb, a fragment like the limb
Of some dismember'd giant."

As we do not intend to go through these compositions *seriatim*, we may here notice, that though they generally occupy eight or ten pages, they seem to have been written almost,

like epigrams, for the concluding thought or point. Thus the *Pilgrim* hastens from his beloved one with this simple and natural saying:

"My steps I quicken when I think of her;
For, though they take me further from her door,
I shall return the sooner."

And the *Fire-fly* ends—

"Sending forth its ray
Through the green leaves, a ray serene and clear
As virtue's own."

Similar pretty thoughts are also scattered in various places; and of these we shall select two or three examples.

Truth and Fable.—"Every where
Fable and Truth have shed, in rivalry,
Each her peculiar influence. Fable came,
And laughed and sung, arraying Truth in flowers,
Like a young child her grandam. Fable came;
Earth, sea, and sky, reflecting, as she flew,
A thousand, thousand colours not their own."

Landscape.—"Here the vines
Wed each her elm, and o'er the golden grain
Hang their luxuriant clusters, chequering
The sunshine: where, when cooler shadows fall,
And the mild moon her fairy net-work weaves," &c.

Portrait of a Harper.—"A majestic man,
By time and grief embosomed, not subdued;
Though from his height descending, day by day,
And, as his upward look at once betrayed,
Blind as old Homer."

It is difficult to separate these minuter beauties from the whole, so as to afford means of forming a judgment; and we shall, therefore, complete our task by extracting a few of the longer passages, which have been most agreeable to our fancy. From the *Nun*.

"'Tis over; and her lovely cheek is now
On her hard pillow—there, alas! to be
Nightly, through many and many a dreary hour,
Wan, often wet with tears, and (ere at length
Her place is empty, and another comes)
In anguish, in the ghastliness of death!
Here never more to leave those mournful walls,
Even on her bier."

"'Tis over; and the rite,
With all its pomp and harmony, is now
Floating before her. She arose at home,
To be the show, the kiel of the day;
Her vesture gorgeous, and her stately head—
No rocket, bursting in the midnight sky,
So dazzling. When to-morrow she awakes,
She will awake as though she still was there,
Still in her father's house; and lo! a cell
Narrow and dark, sought through the gloom dis-
cerned,
Nought save the crucifix, the rosary,
And the gray habit lying by to shroud
Her beauty and graces."

Like a dream, the whole is fled;
And they that came in blossoms to gaze
Upon the victim dressed for sacrifice,
Are mingling in the world; thou in thy cell
Forgot, Teresa. Yet, among them all,
None were so formed to love and to be loved,
None to delight, adorn; and on thee now
A curtain, blinder than the night, is dropped
For ever! In thy gentle bosom sleep
Feelings, affections, destined now to die,
To wither like the blossom in the bud,
Those of a wife, a mother; leaving these
A cheerless void, a chill as of the grave,
A languor and a lethargy of soul,
Death-like, and gathering more and more till Death
Comes to release thee. Ah, what now to thee,
What now to thee the treasure of thy youth?
As nothing!

But thou canst not yet reflect
Calmly; so many things, strange and perverse,
That most, recall, and go but to return,
The monstrous birth of one eventful day,
Troubling thy split—from the first, at dawn,
The rich arraying for the nuptial feast,
The black pall, the requiem.

Revisit thee, and round thy lowly bed
 Hover, uncalled. Thy young and innocent heart,
 How is it beating? Has it no regrets?
 Discontent thou hast no weakness lurking there?
 But thine exhausted frame has sunk to rest.
 Peace to thy slumbers!"

From the *Banditi*.

"Now crafty, cruel, torturing, ere they slay
 The unhappy captive, and with bitter jeers
 Mocking misfortune, vain, fantastical,
 Wearing whatever glitters in the spoil;
 And most devout, though, when they kneel and pray,
 With every bead they could recount a murder,
 As by a spell they start up in array,
 As by a spell they vanish—thems a band,
 Not in elsewhere of outlaws, but of such
 As sow and reap, and at the cottage-door
 Sit to receive, return the traveller's greeting;
 Now in the garb of peace, now silently
 Arming and issuing forth, led on by men
 Whose names on innocent lips are words of fear,
 Whose lives have long been forfeit."

Some there are
 That, ere they rise to this bad eminence,
 Lurk, night and day, the plague-spot visible,
 The gullit that says, Beware! and mark we now
 Him, where he lies, who couches for his prey
 At the bridge-foot in some dark cavity
 Scooped by the waters, or some gaping tomb,
 Nameless and tenantless, whence the red fox
 Slunk as he entered. There he broods, in spleen
 Gnawing his beard; his rough and sinewy frame
 O'erwritten with the story of his life:
 On his wan cheek a sabre-cut, well earned
 In foreign warfare, on his breast the brand
 Indelible, burnt in when to the port
 He clanked his chain, among a hundred more
 Dragged ignominiously on every limb
 Memorials of his glory and his shame,
 Stripes of the lash and honourable scars,
 And channels here and there worn to the bone
 By galling fetters.

He comes slowly forth,
 Unkennelling, and up that savage dell
 Anxiously looks; his cruise, an ample guard,
 (Duly replenished from the vintner's cask)
 Slung from his shoulder: in his breadth of belt
 Two pistols and a dagger yet uncleaned,
 A parchment scrawled with uncouth characters,
 And a small vial, his last remedy,
 His care, when all things fail. No noise is heard,
 Save when the rugged bear and the grunting wolf
 Howl in the upper region, or a fish
 Leaps in the gulf beneath—but now he kneels
 And (like a scout, when listening to the tramp
 Of horse or foot) lays his experienced ear
 Close to the ground, then rises and explores,
 Then kneels again, and his short rifle-gun
 Against his cheek, waits patiently."

This is very picturesque and descriptive;
 nor does the subjoined, (engrafting fine moral
 sentiments upon the view of natural objects,)
 from the *Felucca*, fall short of it.

"We embarked and left
 That noble haven, where, when Genoa reigned,
 A hundred galleys sheltered—in the day
 When lofty spirits met, and, deck to deck,
 Doria, Pisani fought that narrow field
 Ample enough for glory. On we went,
 Ruffing with many an oar the crystalline sea,
 On from the rising to the setting sun,
 In silence—underneath a mountain-ridge,
 Untamed, untameable, reflecting round
 The saddest purple; nothing to be seen
 Of life or culture, save where, at the foot,
 Some village and its church, a scanty line,
 Athwart the wave gleamed faintly. Fear of ill
 Narrowed our course, fear of the hurricane,
 And that yet greater scourge, the crafty Moor,
 Who, like a tiger prowling for his prey,
 Springs and is gone, and on the adverse coast,
 (Where Tripoli, and Tunis, and Algiers,
 Forge fetters, and white turbans on the mole
 Gather, whence'er the Crescent comes displayed
 Over the Cross) his human merchandise
 To many a curious, many a cruel eye
 Exposed. Ah, how oft when now the sun
 Slept on the shore, have ruthless scimitars
 Flashed through the lattice, and a swarthy crew
 Dragged forth, ere long to number them for sale,
 Ere long to part them in their agony,
 Parents and child! How oft when now we rode
 Over the billow, has a wretched son,
 Or yet more wretched slave, grown gray in chains,
 Labouring, his hands upon the oar, his eyes
 Upon the land—the land that gave him birth;
 And as he gazed, his homestead through his tears
 Fondly imagined; when a Christian ship
 Of war appearing in his bay,
 A voice in anger cried, 'Use all your strength!'
 But when, ah, when, do they that can, forbear
 To crush the unresisting? Scoundrel, Gai men,
 Creatures so frail, so soon, alas! to die,
 Should have the power, the will to make this world
 A dismal prison-house, and life itself,

Life in its prime, a burden and a curse
 To him who never wronged them! Who that breathes,
 Would not, when first he heard it, turn away
 As from a tale monstrous, incredible?
 Surely a sense of our mortality,
 A consciousness how soon we shall be gone,
 Or, if we linger—but a few short years—
 How sure to look upon our brother's grave,
 Should of itself incline to pity and love,
 And prompt us rather to assist, relieve,
 Than aggravate the evils each is heir to."

The concluding poem, a *Farewell to Italy*,
 displays the most amiable feelings; and indeed
 these predominate every where, and shew that
 in the writer, a good heart is the companion of
 a refined taste. Of the verse we shall say no
 more, but that its want of nerve is its chief
 imperfection; that (which we are surprised
 at from an author whose ear is attuned to the
 musical in composition,) the rhythm is far
 from being perfect; and that even grammatical
 errors have slipped into the construction. The
 prose sketches, in spirit resemble the poetical.
 One quotation, of the best, places Mr. Rogers'
 reflective talents in a fair point of view.

"Ours is a nation of travellers; and no
 wonder, when the elements, air, water, fire,
 attend at our bidding, to transport us from
 shore to shore; when the ship rushes into the
 deep, her track the foam of some mighty
 torrent; and, in three hours or less, we stand
 gazing and gazed at among a foreign people.
 None want an excuse. If rich, they go to
 enjoy; if poor, to retrench; if sick, to recover;
 if studious, to learn; if learned, to relax from
 their studies. But whatever they may say,
 whatever they may believe, they go, for the
 most part, on the same errand; nor will those
 who reflect think that errand an idle one.
 Almost all men are over-anxious. No sooner
 do they enter the world, than they lose that
 taste for natural and simple pleasures, so re-
 markable in early life. Every hour do they
 ask themselves what progress they have made
 in the pursuit of wealth or honour; and on
 they go, as their fathers went before them, till,
 weary and sick at heart, they look back with a
 sigh of regret to the golden time of their child-
 hood. Now travel, and foreign travel more
 particularly, restores to us, in a great degree,
 what we have lost. When the anchor is
 heaved, we double down the leaf; and for a
 while, at least, all effort is over. The old
 cares are left clustering round the old objects;
 and at every step, as we proceed, the slightest
 circumstance amuses and interests. All is new
 and strange. We surrender ourselves, and
 feel once again as children. Like them, we
 enjoy eagerly; like them, when we fret, we
 fret only for the moment; and here indeed the
 resemblance is very remarkable, for, if a jour-
 ney has its pains as well as its pleasures (and
 there is nothing unmixed in this world), the
 pains are no sooner over, than they are for-
 gotten, while the pleasures live long in the
 memory."

We must now turn to the *Italy* of Mr.
 Sotheby, whose subjects are also diversified and
 numerous. We have, again, *Rome*, *Banditti*,
 and a concluding *Farewell*; besides other local
 themes, treated as by Mr. Rogers, with mingled
 recollections of past history and poetry,
 and descriptions of present appearances and
 circumstances. But having already occupied
 more of our limits than we can well spare to
 one topic, we are obliged to cut short all farther
 criticism, and permit Mr. Sotheby to be his
 own reviewer.

A *Peasant of the Abruzzi Mountains* is a
 favourable specimen.

"Alas for thee, poor mountain swain!
 Alas for thee, whose fatal toll
 Reaps death on Rome's sepulchral soil!"

Rock, nor tree, nor kindly shed,
 Shade from the Dog-star's flame thy head.
 Poor mountain Swain!
 Named by the spirit of the untainted wind!
 Thy sweat-drop boils upon the parch'd chainmail
 Intermittently spread.
 In vain thou cast'st thy look behind:
 O'er-wearied, ere thy noon-task done,
 Thou sink'st beneath the blazing sun!
 Vainly before thy falling eyes
 The pine-woods of Abruzzi rise:
 Vainly in currents cool and clear,
 As if to mock thy mortal woe,
 Thou seem'st to see, thou seem'st to hear,
 The fresh springs of Abruzzi flow.
 The waving pine and waterfall
 Thy spirit shall no more recall.
 They who at Dawn's first roscate glow
 Saw youth's keen ardour on thy brow,
 While free winds with thy ringlets play'd,
 Fresh'ning thy cheek with brightest bloom,
 Ere Night lets fall her soothing shade,
 Look on thy paleness in the tomb,
 And weep upon the palest of all
 Broke, broke, ere ceased their pilgrimage."

The *Banditi* is another characteristic sketch.

"Speed onward—day withdraws its light,
 The shadows lengthen into night;
 The woods a gloomier horror breathe,
 And vapours spread th' enormous'd wreath.
 Lo! where yon ruin'd cities rest,
 Like clouds upon the mountain's crest,
 There, in his den, 'mid rocky cells,
 Hereditary Murder dwells.
 Speed! ere down those pathless steep
 The Arab of Italia sweeps
 That spring of limb, that breadth of mould,
 A Mercury and Mars infold.
 Round the robber chieftain blaze
 Stones that beam back the solar rays,
 Love-tokens that gay ladies have worn,
 And rings that dower'd dames adorn:
 A carbine, slung at either side,
 Clangs from his girdle's plated pride,
 And o'er his rich, embroider'd vest,
 A cross and pontard guard his breast.
 Speed! ere beneath th' impatient steel
 Th' assassin's grasp thy blood conceal—
 O'er life and death the balance hold,
 Slow bartering limb by limb for gold.
 Ah! if the promised ransom fail,
 Deem not that mercy will avail.
 Refr, like the eagle's living prey,
 From earth and air he races away,
 Where never whisper of thy woe
 Shall reach the stranger-world below,
 Akin to human kind no more,
 Dead art thou, ere existence o'er.
 Ere the last stab thy torture ends,
 And blood-hounds on thy corpse contend."

Speed, traveller! speed! adown yon steep
 The Arab of Italia sweeps."

In the longer pieces the versification is ir-
 regular, and the monotony of Italian pictures is
 occasionally relieved by poems of a different
 kind, under the title of *Miscellaneous*, and
 addressed to religious, philosophical, domestic,
 and other objects. From these we take one of
 the shortest, wherewith to finish this notice,
 though it may, perhaps, in justice be required
 of us to pay our respects to this volume in a
 future *Gazette*.

"I knew a gentle maid: I ne'er shall view
 Her like again: and yet the vulgar eye
 Might pass the charms I traced regardless by:
 For pale her cheek, unmark'd with roscate hue,
 Nor beam'd from her mild eye a dazzling glance,
 Nor flash'd her nameless graces on the sight;
 Yet Beauty never woke such pure delight.
 Fine was her form as Dian's in the dance;
 Her voice was music—in her silence dwelt
 Expression, every look instinct with thought!
 Though oft her mind by youth to rapture wrought,
 Struck forth wild wit, and fancies ever new,
 The lightest touch of her soul would melt;
 And on her lips, when gleam'd a lingering smile,
 Pity's warm tear gush'd down her cheek the while:
 Thy like, thou gentle maid! I ne'er shall view."

Memoirs of the Duke of Rovigo (M. Savary).

Written by Himself: illustrative of the
 History of the Emperor Napoleon. Vol. I.
 Parts I. and II. 8vo. pp. 637. London, 1820.
 Colburn.

AMONG the millions of girouettes of the French
 Revolution, Consulate, Empire, Chute, Resto-
 ration, Relapse, and Re-restoration, M. Sa-
 vary, the Duke of Rovigo, shines forth as pos-
 sessing one rare quality—he seems to have

stuck to his principles and to his patron, Buonaparte, throughout. Even in a *séide*,* or satellite, this is a virtue, inasmuch as the thorough-paced, unflinching villain is less condemned than the equally wicked but wavering rascal; and "dying game" is more honoured among thieves than "dying dunghill." He (Savary) was a creature of Buonaparte's, laden with favours, and, as we may judge from his own story, well deserving of them, if to do the basest business, and execute the vilest and bloodiest acts in which man can be employed, deserve reward: and it is the sole redeeming point in his character, that, like many others equally guilty, he has not added apostasy to the black catalogue of his crimes.

These Memoirs are invaluable. Not so much for the secrets they disclose, as for what they unwittingly bring to a test by which the truth may be elicited. Speaking abstractedly, they contain so many bold and startling assertions of matters impossible of belief, of matters which utterly contradict themselves, that were we trying history by their evidence, we would not pin our faith to a tittle of M. Savary's interested narrative. Of his disregard of precise facts there are abundant proofs; but what could be expected from an author who sets out with the broad general position, that "Napoleon required peace above all things"?!!

But it is not our course to discuss such things at length; and we only mention the impression which this publication has made upon us. We have felt it, from beginning to end, to be the production of a partisan who had identified himself with the cause he undertakes to plead, and who stops at no measures to carry it through; and therefore, while we yield no more confidence than is reasonable to such an author, we are sensible of the importance of his labours, in shewing all that can be urged on one side, provoking all that can be opposed on the other, and teaching those who desire to ascertain what is true and what is false, to strike the balance, and come at conclusions which will not far deceive either the present age or posterity.

It would be out of our power, did we print a sheet daily instead of weekly, to discuss the multitude of topics set forth by M. Savary in this volume, from the period of his entering the army till after the battle of Auerstadt; and as he rigorously abstains from affording dates, it would be a sad waste of time to seek them in other quarters. Suffice it to say, that the writer served under Pichegru and Moreau, on the Rhine, previous to the famous treaty of Leoben, was in Egypt with Buonaparte, acquired his confidence and patronage, and served him ultimately and zealously till (and long beyond) the period to which this part of his Memoirs brings down the narrative of his faithful adherence and rich rewards. With him the Emperor is perfection, and every thing he did most just, wise, and glorious: in short, he is an Optimist in this respect, far above Candid and Pangloss combined, in their admiration of Thunder-ten-tronck. Moreau was a fool and a traitor—Talleyrand the basest of intriguers and murderers—Fouché a cheat and a scoundrel—all who ever opposed Napoleon, conspirators, liars, and rogues—while the god of his idolatry had neither vice nor stain. Thus he proves too much. These men are with him only rogues in cases where it is requisite to sacrifice them for the sake of justifying his great friend:

* Satellites are so called in Paris from the character of Spid in Voltaire's *Mahomet*: to express that they are the ready and willing instruments of every pyrrhous and atrocious crime.

during the rest of his long career they are his principal ministers, advisers, and associates, and as immaculate as himself!!

It is a curious circumstance, that all the violent attacks upon Buonaparte, and all the diatribes poured out against him, never impressed us with so blasting an opinion of him as a man and a ruler, as this production of his sworn defender and eulogist. After reading it, we are almost apt to doubt whether this wonderful person was really, what he must always be considered, one of the ablest and most extraordinary men that ever existed. Well might his ghost exclaim, "Save Napoleon and his memory from such friends as the Duke of Rovigo!"

We shall illustrate what we have advanced by a few extracts from the work; and, avoiding the rest, select subjects most interesting to the English reader.

We will preface this, however, with a picture descriptive of Paris, its court, and other circumstances, soon after Buonaparte rose to the rank of First Consul.

"The winter which followed the conclusion of peace was rendered remarkable by the great influx of distinguished foreigners: they came to France from all quarters. Our civil discords had, however, been represented to them in such a light, that they had pictured to their minds the capital as half destroyed. They were greatly surprised at not discovering any trace of such devastation, and at hearing it said in every direction, that the city exhibited a finer appearance than it did before the troubles which had been represented to them in such gloomy colours. The formalities of etiquette had not yet been established. Madame Bonaparte did not give any public receptions: she feared to involve herself in unpleasant scenes, by the pretensions that might be started by some foreign ladies, in a palace into which etiquette had not as yet found its way, or to offend their pride by the claims which she felt conscious were due to her rank: accordingly, nothing could be more dull at that time than the palace of the Tuileries. The First Consul never left his closet. Madame Bonaparte, in order to while away the time, was under the necessity of going every night to the theatre with her daughter, who never left her sight. When the representation was over, of which, however, she seldom waited to see the conclusion, she returned to finish the evening by a game of whist; or if the party was not sufficiently numerous, by a game of piquet, which she played with the second consul, or some other state personage. The ladies of the First Consul's aides-de-camp, who were of the same age as Madame Louis Bonaparte, came to keep her company: every day brought with it the same round of visitors, and the same amusements: the week ran on at Malmaison in the same way as it did in Paris. The second consul gave public receptions to the functionaries of government and the members of the magistracy: his residence was the only one in which any thing of the parade of state was to be seen. Foreigners, on the other hand, filled the state apartments, of which M. de Talleyrand did all the honours. It was in the course of this winter that the First Consul caused M. T. to be arrested, and confined in the Temple, on his return from England by way of Holland. This arrest was represented as an act of tyranny. The following, however, were the real grounds for it:—M. T., who had formerly been a member of the parliament of Paris, had been leading a very restless life ever since he had quitted France. He had successively re-

sided in England and in Germany, and at last taken shelter in America. His unquiet spirit had crossed the seas with him; but he was a slave to his opinions: he preferred enduring every privation to the sacrifice of them. Such was his distressing condition when he learned the events that followed close upon General Bonaparte's return. Tired of roaming about the world, and anxious to see his children, he determined upon returning to Europe. He met some Dutchmen of Surinam on board the ship in which he had taken his passage, formed an acquaintance with them, and ascertained that the colony, unwilling to continue to belong to a government which could not afford it protection, was sending to treat with the British ministry; or, in other words, to invite them to take possession of the settlement. They were perfect strangers in London, and, nevertheless, felt desirous that their mission should not be known in Holland, from which they were now at so short a distance, and with which they kept up an intercourse. M. T. removed all their difficulties: he had still retained some old connexions in England: he opened a correspondence with the government, and succeeded in quietly procuring for the Dutch the protection which they had come to solicit. The ministry, who obtained possession of Surinam by this intrigue, acted generously towards the manager of it; so that M. T. saw before him the double prospect of returning to France, and of repairing his fallen fortunes. The negotiation which he had carried on opened a kind of intercourse between him and the British ministry. Mr. Pitt consulted him as to the degree of confidence which was due to a French ambassador, who had just addressed a paper to him respecting the means best calculated for curtailing the power of the First Consul. M. T., who had known that personage previously to his emigration, imagined from such an overture that he had remained true to his original principles, and gave the minister a flattering account of him. Pitt intrusted him with the paper; and T., on running it over, discovered in it his own opinions, and felt persuaded that he might rely on his old friend. He hastened to his place of residence, paid him a visit, related his good and bad fortune, and solicited his assistance. The other made him very fine promises; but threw out some expressions, in the course of conversation, which indicated political principles of a complexion widely foreign from those which his friend had anticipated. "How canst thou tell all this to me?" was T.'s exclamation: "I know thy real thoughts, having read thy memorial. Pitt himself confided it to me." The diplomatist denied the fact, and yet redoubled his caresses and offers of service. The emigrant trusted to those protestations, and took his departure for Paris; but he had been pointed out to the police as an English spy, sent with large sums of money. His obliging friend had taken care to make known the part he had acted in the Surinam intrigue. The First Consul could not avoid ordering his arrest. Anxiety of mind, and that state of irritation which treachery never fails to create, soon brought T. to the grave. He died in the bitterness of heart of a man perishing the victim of the designs of a false friend."

* "Towards the end of March 1800, (we are told, in a way which affords a curious idea of the first assumption of royal dignities,) some formality of etiquette was established, and the wife of the head of the state was thenceforward attended by ladies, and by officers of the household, who had the charge of superintending all matters of ceremony. The ladies did not at first exceed the

Here we have a foretaste of the treacheries, speculations, oppressions, and atrocities, which, according to the statements of M. Savary, (however he tries to shift the guilt from one to another, in order to screen himself and his master,) marked the whole course of the government of France, and has conferred immortal infamy on the perpetrators of these black and bloody deeds.

We observe, from the author, that the scheme of a descent on England was by no means the *brutum fulmen*, by way of a diversion, which it has been represented; but a serious and well-matured plan of invasion, sustained by the entire force of France. "The First Consul was constantly receiving projects of attack against England. He gave his attention to all, but adopted none, conceiving them to be premature. When every thing was prepared, he determined to strike the first blow." Hanover was conquered in the first year, and its horses remounted the French cavalry, while in its other stores, artillery, &c. were found sufficient *matériel* for a numerous army. In the ensuing spring Buonaparte visited Belgium; and at Antwerp we are told—

"He assembled a naval council for the purpose of discussing the means he had to contend with the English, and was soon convinced that the resources at his disposal were wholly inadequate to the object which he had in contemplation. The council was unanimously of opinion that the fleet of men-of-war afforded no chance of success. It required to be created anew, and exercised; and in its present condition it might be destroyed before it could be in a condition to fight. The only means, therefore, of contending with England on an equal footing was to attempt a descent; because, if once we could accomplish it, we should be enabled to fight with means more powerful than those which the English would bring against us. We stood, however, in need of a flotilla to effect a descent. It was certainly not yet in existence; but we had all the necessary materials for raising such an armament, although not in sufficient abundance for the building of ships of war. M. Decres, the minister of marine, who attended the council, was not in favour of the plan; he observed that, if we constructed a flotilla, the English would also raise one, and come to meet us. Admiral Bruix replied to this observation, that much would be achieved if we compelled them to do so, as they would then be under the ne-

cessity of disarming their fleet for the purpose of fitting-out their flotilla. Their means of recruiting for the navy were not, in fact, at that period so extensive as they have since become: the sailors of the maritime countries of which we had successively obtained possession were not yet compelled to volunteer to man their fleets for the purpose of earning their livelihood. The opinion of Bruix prevailed, and the descent was determined upon. The First Consul's attention was immediately devoted to the construction of a flotilla. He gave orders to the civil engineers to draw up the plans and estimates of the works which related to their branch of the service, desired the naval engineers to present models of the vessels which they deemed best adapted for the undertaking, and fixed for both a period within which they were to bring him the result of their deliberations.

"Having shortly after his return received the plans and estimates which he had demanded of the engineer departments, he caused them to be discussed; and he definitively decided upon ordering the construction of an immense quantity of gun-boats, flat-bottomed boats, and other small craft. Each considerable city had voted money for the building of a man-of-war: those which were less wealthy and less populous offered gun-boats, the others flat-bottomed boats. These offers were accepted; and in order to prevent any delay in their building, or any obstacles in the way of the men-of-war which were on the stocks, the keels were laid along the banks of navigable rivers, where the carpenters and other workmen of the adjacent places were brought together under the superintendence of the ship-builders whom the naval department had sent for the purpose of carrying on their work. In this manner the banks of the rivers which discharge their waters into the ocean were lined with regular docks. The materials and workmen of the several districts being thus made use of and employed, the money remained in the places by which it had been voted, whilst it would otherwise have been withdrawn to defray the same expenses at other places. Holland likewise furnished her own flotilla, which was first assembled at Flushing: it was formed on the exact plan of the French flotilla, and commanded by Vice-Admiral Verheul, a resolute and able seaman; who, in spite of every obstacle, brought it from Flushing to Ostend, and from the latter place to Dunkirk, Calais, and Ambleteuse.

"While the navy was displaying this activity, the army finished completing itself. The regiments, two-thirds of which were composed of conscripts, quitted their garrisons, and proceeded to form camps of instruction, which extended from Utrecht to the mouth of the Somme. The camp of Utrecht was commanded by General Marmont, who had been succeeded in the general inspection of the artillery by General Songis. It extended to Flushing, and was numbered 2, because the corps of Hanover, then commanded by General Bernadotte, had taken number 1. The 3d, under the orders of General Davout, had its centre at Ostend, and extended to Dunkirk inclusively. General Soult commanded the 4th, which was formed at Boulogne, and extended from Gravelines to the left of Boulogne. The 5th, commanded by General Ney, comprised Montreuil and Etaples. It was subsequently known as No. 6, because a new corps was formed at Boulogne, and called No. 5. It was placed under the command of General Lannes, who returned from Portugal, where he was ambassador. A reserve, com-

posed of twelve united battalions of grenadiers, assembled at Arras, under the orders of General Junot, who relinquished the government of Paris to take the command of this division. All the regiments of dragoons that were in France were formed into divisions of four regiments each. They were cantoned from the mouth of the Scheldt to the banks of the Oise and of the Aisne. The chasseurs and the hussars were collected at St. Omer and Ardres. The troops thus distributed were employed and disciplined in the manner of the Romans. Each hour had its employment: the soldier but laid down the musket to take up the mattock, and the mattock to resume the musket. The engineers had to undertake immense works, which were all executed by the troops. They excavated the harbour of Boulogne; they constructed a pier, built a bridge, erected a sluice, and, finally, they dug a basin to receive the vessels of the flotilla. They did still more: the port of Vimerenx was to be entirely created; the site which it was to occupy was fifteen feet above the surface of the water in the highest tides. They fell to work, and in less than a year they had excavated and lined with masonry a basin capable of containing two hundred vessels of the flotilla."

Other extensive works at Ambleteuse, &c. are next detailed; and "the troops (we are informed) went from work to exercise, from exercise to work. The mattock and the musket were never out of their hands. Hence all the naval establishments of a great port sprung up as it were by magic. Magazines were formed, ammunition was collected, stores of all sorts were brought together. Never did the head of man embrace so vast a conception; and, above all, never did it cause the different parts to move simultaneously with such activity, such unity, and such precision. Ports were dug, ships built, cannon founded, cordage and sails made, biscuit baked, and the army trained at the same time. The superintendence of these different operations seemed to surpass human powers; and yet the First Consul found time to attend to the affairs of France and Italy besides. The activity which he displayed cannot be conceived by those who were not witnesses of it. He hired near Boulogne the small mansion called Pont de Brique, which is on the road to Paris. He arrived there in general at the moment when the corps least expected him, immediately mounted his horse, rode through the camps, and was back again at St. Cloud, when he was supposed to be still in the midst of the troops. I made several of these trips in his carriages. He usually set off in the evening, breakfasted at the post-house at Chantilly, supped at Abbeville, and reached Pont de Brique very early the next morning. He was presently afterwards on horseback, and most commonly did not alight again till dark. He returned not till he had seen every soldier and every workshop. He went down into the basins, and ascertained with his own eyes to what depth the men had dug since his last visit. He usually brought back to dine with him, at seven or eight in the evening, Admiral Bruix, General Soult, Sganzin, superintendent of the works in the engineer department, General Faultrier, who commanded the *matériel* of the artillery, and the commissary charged with the supply of provisions; so that before he retired to bed he was better acquainted with the state of his affairs than if he had read whole volumes of reports. Works were carried on with no less activity in the interior than on

number of four: these were Mesdames de Rémusat, de Thalouste, de Luy, and Madame de Lauriston, for whom the First Consul entertained a particular regard. The four officers of the consular household were Messrs. de Cramay, de Luy, Didolet, and de Rémusat. This court had only been installed a few months when foreigners were introduced for the first time. The reception took place in Madame Buonaparte's apartments, on the ground-floor looking upon the garden. It was numerously attended, and consisted of the most elegant women from the neighbouring country, who exhibited a rich display of jewels, of which our rising court had not yet any idea. The whole diplomatic body were also in attendance. So great, in short, was the concourse of visitors at these ceremonious receptions, that the two saloons on the ground-floor were hardly sufficient to contain them. When every thing was ready, and the places were all taken, Madame Buonaparte entered, preceded by the minister of foreign affairs, who introduced the foreign ambassadors. She then went round the first saloon, the minister still preceding her, and naming each of the personages that lined the way. Just as she had completed the round of the second saloon, the door suddenly flew open, and in walked the First Consul, who appeared for the first time in the midst of this brilliant assembly. The ambassadors were already known to him; but the ladies beheld him for the first time. They all rose spontaneously, and exhibited the most marked indications of curiosity. He made the round of the apartment, followed by the ambassadors of the several powers who named to him, in succession, the ladies of their respective countries. One of these receptions was the occasion on which he afterwards vented his displeasure at the conduct of England."

the coast. Boats were built, and being consigned to the currents of the rivers, they thronged to Bayonne, Bourdeaux, Rochefort, Nantes, and all the ports of Bretagne. They were equipped, armed, and even manned, by the detachments with which they gained the mouths of the rivers that run between Honfleur and Flushing. When they had arrived there, they were rendered fit to put to sea, formed into small squadrons, and sent forth successively from their retreats, as soon as it was judged that they could leave them with safety. For this purpose, such breezes were chosen as allowed them to keep close along shore; and for their better security, the light artillery of the army was placed on the capes or promontories, at the base of which there was sufficient depth of water to permit the English cruisers to intercept them. This was by no means an unnecessary precaution on various parts of the coast of Bretagne. Good luck and skill carried this great enterprise to a high pitch: our squadrons reached their destination without sustaining any other losses than those occasioned by the ordinary accidents of navigation. Every thing had succeeded to the wishes of the First Consul. All then vied with one another in zeal and devotedness. The army began to be expert in military exercises, and enjoyed excellent health. It was divided into twelve corps, including the troops which were on the coast and those which had been stationed on other points of the frontiers."

M. de la Bouillerie was, for the sake of better organisation, appointed paymaster-general of the whole army; but "the minister of the treasury, who viewed this nomination with an evil eye, apologised for not having proposed it. He had not done so, because M. de la Bouillerie, after giving in his accounts, owed to the treasury a sum of four hundred thousand francs, for which he tendered a bill of General Moreau's." "Out of what fund was this sum paid?" asked the First Consul. "Out of the fund placed at the disposal of the general-in-chief," replied the minister. "In this case," rejoined the First Consul, "M. de la Bouillerie is quite right, and you must accept the bill." "Parbleu," added he, "you might as well require me to account too for all the sums which I ordered to be given when with the army of Italy, to the officers with whom I was pleased. That is neither just nor reasonable."

With this naïve anecdote, we conclude for the present, and shall return to the topics to which we have alluded, in our next; lamenting, with genuine British sorrow, that the invincible armament, so grandly planned, never had an opportunity of trying the fate of its precursor—the Spanish armada. But, though never directed against England, this force enabled Buonaparte to conquer all his other enemies, and reach despotic power in France.

Pelham; or, the Adventures of a Gentleman.
3 vols. 12mo. London, 1828. Colburn.

[Our hasty announcement, on the appearance of *Pelham*, would not have done justice to a production of a hundred times less merit; but we have been unable to return to it till now for a more regular Review.]

OUR modern novels—we allude but to those composed of "modern instances"—may perhaps be divided into two classes: one set, to use a phrase of newspaper criticism, "novels of fashionable manners," Captain Parry-like voyages of unsuccessful discovery in the ice-guarded regions of that north pole, high life. Another set, to plagiarise again from the same quarter,

are "aristocratic novels," where the writers really are of the world they describe, and have given us glimpses something like those caught by the crowd gathered beneath the lighted windows when some potentate of Grosvenor Square, &c. receives five hundred friends, to the varied thunder of the roll of carriages, and the sudden peal of the heavy knocker; the wind blows back a crimson blind, and a blaze of lamps, or a group of brilliant shapes, dazzle the gazers below; or perhaps the same favourable wind loosens the silken cloak of some young beauty, and a moment's vision of grace and fashion furnishes dreams for a week. But the great fault of these works has been their utter want of moral knowledge, their extreme deficiency of individual character. If we except *Cousin William*,—so admirable in its tracing the workings of the human heart; and *Yes and No*, where the two heroes have human and distinguishing characteristics about them;—if we except these, we know of none that can aspire to higher praise than that of entertaining caricature, or perhaps an amusing story; but with nothing that afforded material for thought—nothing that made them, what all pictures of society ought to be, food for contemplation to the philosopher.

The creation of modern literature, that species of invention which alone could body forth the infinite variety of modern society—the Novel,—requires much peculiar to its period, and all that the mind has ever possessed of original power. The legends of a barbaric age are perhaps all that age had worth preserving; another, entirely military, is perfectly depicted in an heroic poem; where the character of a nation is exclusively political, its master-piece is history; chivalry, with its banners and brands, lives in its own spirited ballads; and as the varieties increased, and shades multiplied, the drama became the lively and accurate reflection of the passing panorama. But to an age, reading, thoughtful, languid, with every excitement of former times added to its own, with its strange mixture of all that can form a character, yet repress its display,—what could do justice,—what give a picture so true, as may be given by the novel? The author of *Pelham* has remembered, what so many have forgotten, the extreme value of a good novel to posterity; and he has brought to his task endowments that ensure memory as well as popularity. We do not attempt to give a meagre outline of a most interesting story: suffice it to say, it does ample credit to the talent of invention. But there are two especial merits in *Pelham*: one, the great skill displayed in the characters,—the hero himself is a masterpiece; and the other is, the wit, the keen, lively, uncommon wit, it displays,—the thousand little diamond arrows, flung seemingly so carelessly, but so true to the mark. Perhaps the first two or three chapters are as perfect a specimen of quiet but pointed satire as could be produced—almost every sentence tells. But we must now use the language of complaint; for never had we a book whence to select our quotations was more difficult. At first this seemed easy enough; we pencilled, and pencilled,—and it was not till the next week, when slip after slip from the printer proved that we had quoted rather better than three parts of our *Gazette*, while we thought we were doing scant justice. We have now made a selection of detached passages, *multum in parvo*, and will at least give some of the remarks, if our limits forbid whole conversations: indeed, the very spirited dialogue is one of *Pelham's* most characteristic merits.

A well-educated Boy.—"As I was reckoned an uncommonly well-educated boy, it may not be ungratifying to the admirers of the present system of education to pause here for a moment, and recall what I then knew. I could make twenty Latin verses in half an hour; I could construe, without an English translation, all the easy Latin authors, and many of the difficult ones with it; I could read Greek fluently, and even translate it through the medium of a Latin version at the bottom of the page. I was thought exceedingly clever, for I had only been eight years acquiring all this fund of information, which, as one can never recall it in the world, you have every right to suppose that I had entirely forgotten before I was five and twenty. As I was never taught a syllable of English during this period; as when I once attempted to read Pope's poems, out of school hours, I was laughed at, and called 'a scep;' as my mother, when I went to school, renounced her own instructions; and as, whatever schoolmasters may think to the contrary, one learns nothing now-a-days by inspiration; as of every thing which relates to English literature, English laws, and English history, you have the same right to suppose that I was, at the age of eighteen, when I left Eton, in the profoundest ignorance."

Farewell at College.—"I went to take leave of our college-tutor. 'Mr. Pelham,' said he, affectionately squeezing me by the hand, 'your conduct has been most exemplary; you have not walked wantonly over the college grass-plats, nor set your dog at the proctor,—nor driven tandems by day, nor broken lamps by night,—nor entered the chapel in order to display your intoxication,—nor the lecture-room, in order to caricature the professors. This is the general behaviour of young men of family and fortune; but it has not been yours. Sir, you have been an honour to your college.'"

Critical observations.

"*Rousseau's Héloïse.*—The chief beauty of that wonderful conception of an impassioned and meditative mind, is to be found in the inimitable manner in which the thoughts are embodied, and in the tenderness, the truth, the profundity of the thoughts themselves. When Lord Edouard says, 'c'est le chemin des passions qui m'a conduit à la philosophie,' he inculcates, in one simple phrase, a profound and unanswerable truth. It is in these remarks that nature is chiefly found in the writings of Rousseau; too much engrossed in himself to be deeply skilled in the characters of others, that very self-study had yet given him a knowledge of the more hidden recesses of the heart. He could perceive at once the motive and the cause of actions; but he wanted the patience to trace the elaborate and winding progress of their effects. He saw the passions in their home, but he could not follow them abroad. He knew mankind in the general, but not men in the detail. Thus, when he makes an aphorism or reflection, it comes home at once to you as true; but when he would analyse that reflection, when he argues, reasons, and attempts to prove, you reject him as unnatural, or you refute him as false."

"What political writer is generally esteemed as your best?" "It is difficult to say," replied Vincent, "since with so many parties we have many idols; but I think I might venture to name Bolingbroke as among the most popular. Perhaps, indeed, it would be difficult to select a name more frequently quoted and discussed than his; yet I will boldly aver that his political works are the least valuable part of his remains; and though they contain many lofty

sentiments and many beautiful, yet scattered truths, they were written when legislation, most debated, was less understood, and ought to be admired rather as excellent for the day than estimable in themselves. The life of Bolingbroke would convey a juster moral than all his writings: and the author who gives us a full and impartial memoir of that extraordinary man, will have afforded, both to the philosophical and political literature of England, one of its greatest desiderata."

The general remarks.

"I went away the first, in order to give the men an opportunity of abusing me; for when ever the men abuse, the women, to support alike their coquetry and the conversation, think themselves called upon to defend."

"How few there are in the world who retain, after a certain age, the character originally natural to them! We all get, as it were, a second skin; the little foibles, propensities, eccentricities, we first indulged through affection, conglomerate and encrust, till the artificiality grows into nature."

"Say what we will of the power of love, it borrows greatly from opinion; pride, above all things, sanctions and strengthens affection."

"My new-made and mysterious acquaintance drew himself up to his full height, and bowed very slightly to my own acknowledgment of the introduction. A low person would have thought him rude: I only supposed him ignorant of the world. No real gentleman is unwell."

"I was soon dressed, for it is the design, not the execution, of all great undertakings which requires deliberation and delay. Action cannot be too prompt."

"We are all," said Glanville, with a faint smile, "we are all, in the words of the true old proverb—children of a larger growth." Our first toy is love—our second, display, according as our ambition prompts us to exert it. Some place it in horses, some in honours, some in feasts, and some—*voici un exemple*—in furniture. So true it is, Pelham, that our earliest longings are the purest: in love, we covet goods for the sake of the one beloved; in display, for our own: thus our first stratum of mind produces fruit for others; our second becomes niggardly, and bears only sufficient for ourselves."

"Few men in office are wise enough to trust the young; as if the greater zeal and sincerity of youth did not more than compensate for its appetite for the gay, or its thoughtlessness of the serious."

"So true is it, that there is no situation which a little tact cannot turn to our own account: manage yourself well, and you may manage all the world."

"Never tell me that shame is the companion of guilt: the sinful knave is never so ashamed of himself as is the innocent fool who suffers by him."

One specimen of the narrative part, and we must close our quotations.

"I am an only child. My father was the younger son of one of our oldest earls, my mother the dowless daughter of a Scotch peer. Mr. Pelham was a moderate whig, and gave sumptuous dinners;—Lady Frances was a woman of taste, and particularly fond of diamonds and old china. Vulgar people know nothing of the necessities required in good society; and the credit they give is as short as their pedigree. Six years after my birth there was an execution in our house. My mother was just setting off on a visit to the Duchess of D—: she declared it was impossible to go

without her diamonds. The chief of the bailiffs declared it was impossible to trust them out of his sight. The matter was compromised—the bailiff went with my mother to C—, and was introduced as my tutor. 'A man of singular merit,' whispered my mother, 'but so shy!' Fortunately the bailiff was abashed; and by losing his impudence he kept the secret. At the end of the week the diamonds went to the Jeweller's, and Lady Frances wore paste. I think it was about a month afterwards that a sixteenth cousin left my mother twenty thousand pounds. 'It will just pay off our most importunate creditors, and equip me for Melton,' said Mr. Pelham. 'It will just redeem my diamonds, and new furnish the house,' said Lady Frances. The latter alternative was chosen. My father went down to run his last horse at Newmarket, and my mother received nine hundred people in a Turkish tent. Both were equally fortunate, the Greek and the Turk; my father's horse lost, in consequence of which he pocketed five thousand pounds; and my mother looked so charming as a sultana, that Seymour Conway fell desperately in love with her. Mr. Conway had just caused two divorces; and, of course, all the women in London were dying for him—judge then of the pride which Lady Frances felt at his addresses. The end of the season was unusually dull; and my mother, after having looked over her list of engagements, and ascertained that she had none remaining worth staying for, agreed to elope with her new lover. The carriage was at the end of the square. My mother, for the first time in her life, got up at six o'clock. Her foot was on the step, and her hand next to Mr. Conway's heart, when she remembered that her favourite china monster and her French dog were left behind. She insisted on returning—re-entered the house, and was coming down stairs with one under each arm, when she was met by my father and two servants. My father's valet had discovered the flight (I forget how), and awakened his master. When my father was convinced of his loss, he called for his dressing-gown—searched the garret and the kitchen—looked in the maids' drawers and the cellaret—and finally declared he was distracted. I have heard that the servants were quite melted by his grief; and I do not doubt it in the least, for he was always celebrated for his skill in private theatricals. He was just retiring to vent his grief in his dressing-room, when he met my mother. It must altogether have been an awkward rencontre, and, indeed, for my father, a remarkably unfortunate occurrence; for Seymour Conway was immensely rich, and the damages would, no doubt, have been proportionably high. Had they met each other alone, the affair might easily have been settled, and Lady Frances gone off in tranquillity;—those damned servants are always in the way! I have, however, often thought that it was better for me that the affair ended thus,—as I know, from many instances, that it is frequently exceedingly inconvenient to have one's mother divorced. I have observed that the distinguishing trait of people accustomed to good society is a calm, imperturbable quiet, which pervades all their actions and habits, from the greatest to the least; they eat in quiet, move in quiet, live in quiet, and lose their wife, or even their money, in quiet; while low persons cannot take up either a spoon or an affront without making such an amazing noise about it. To render this observation good, and to return to the intended elopement, nothing farther was said upon that event. My father introduced Conway to Brookes's, and

invited him to dinner twice a week for a whole twelvemonth. Not long after this occurrence, by the death of my grandfather, my uncle succeeded to the title and estates of the family. He was, as people justly observed, rather an odd man: built schools for peasants, forgave poachers, and diminished his farmers' rents; indeed, on account of these and similar eccentricities, he was thought a fool by some, and a madman by others. However, he was not quite destitute of natural feeling; for he paid my father's debts, and established us in the secure enjoyment of our former splendour. But this piece of generosity, or justice, was done in the most unhandsome manner; he obtained a promise from my father to retire from Brookes's, and relinquish the turf: and he prevailed upon my mother to take an aversion to diamonds, and an indifference to china monsters."

We must content ourselves with only referring to Lady Frances's inimitable letters, the scenes in Paris, the many clever dialogues, the excellent sketch of Mr. Jobson, the dinner at Lord Gulseaton's, and the powerfully told tale of Sir Reginald—all so excellent, though so different; and conclude by giving the author of *Pelham* the high praise of having produced a first-rate novel.

There is, however, one striking drawback, the book is abominably printed; and a complete errata, particularly in foreign languages, would occupy many pages. It is not only the duty of an author to write correctly, but to see that what he has so written is correctly laid before the public.

D'Israeli's Charles I.

As our author may appear, from the quotations with which our last No. concluded, to be an apologist for favourites; he, by way of balance, is at least no apologist for patriots or pseudo patriots. He thinks they must, like other folks, have their passions, their vices, and their selfish objects. Sir John Eliot and Dr. Turner are shown up in fine style, and Hampden is barely allowed to have been tolerably stout and pure: but the most curious of all is the account of a man who produced a powerful effect in the revolution, and whose doings have never before appeared so completely disclosed. With this we shall conclude.

Fulke Greville (the first Lord Brooke),

* Even the greatest of antiquity; for it is stated: "among the manuscripts of Bishop Kennet, I found a curious list of the infirmities of the best men in sacred writ. Moses was passionate, Abraham lied, Aaron was idolatrous, Sampson was a woman's slave, and the lacerduty of Thomas, the persecutions of Paul, and the denial of Peter, enforced this extraordinary result of the infirmities of men, who, we might suppose, would have been exempt from ordinary weaknesses. May we not, therefore, be forgiven, if we sometimes start at the tales of those romantic patriots, who, pure and exalted above the sphere of human passions, and often performing incredible or incomprehensible actions, so prodigally adorn the histories of the poetical Greeks and the declamatory Romans? Our own age, among the annals of patriotism, can only boast of a single patriotic character, the grandeur of whose mind was circumscribed by his civic duties: the ambition of Washington terminated in the emancipation of his country. It would be delightful to trace patriotism in all its integrity, pursuing the noblest ends by the most irreproachable means: but too rare indeed are those great characters, who having opened the first scenes of political revolutions, have escaped the imputation of indulging their personal vanity, their private interest, or their boundless ambition."

† "The learned Niebuhr has elaborately explored into the fabulous history of the Romans; he has been preceded by M. Beaufort, an ingenious writer, in his 'Incertitude des cinq Premiers Siècles de l'Histoire Romaine'; but the Abbate Lancelotti, in his 'Farfalloni degli Antichi Storici', would have had the merit of having first hostily entered into this sacred land of imposture, had the dignity of genius sustained the erudition of the writer of 'The Film-Frams of Antiquity.'"

about 1628, "founded an historical lecture at Cambridge, endowing it with no penurious salary for that day—one hundred pounds per annum. Why an Englishman was not found worthy of the professorship, has not been told. The founder invited the learned Vossius, of Leyden, to fill this chair; but the states of Holland having at that moment augmented his pension, Vossius recommended to his lordship Dr. Dorilaus, an excellent scholar and a doctor in civil law. The learned Hollander, so early as in 1628, was sent down to Cambridge by Lord Brooke, with the king's letters to the vice-chancellor and the heads of colleges, who immediately complied with the design of the noble institutor of this new professorship. Dr. Dorilaus delivered two or three lectures on Tacitus, but he had not yet gone beyond the first words, *Urben Romanam primo reges habere*, when he discovered that he was addressing critical ears. He disserted on the change of government in Rome from kings to consuls, by the suggestion of Junius Brutus; he dwelt on the power of the people; and touching on the excesses of Tarquin, who had violated the popular freedom which the people had enjoyed under his predecessors, he launched out in vindication of his own country in wresting their liberties from the tyranny of the Spanish monarchs. There was a tone of democracy in the lectures of the Dutchman, a spirit of republican fierceness, to which the heads of houses had not yet been accustomed; and though the doctor had particularly excepted such monarchies as those of England, where, he said, 'the people had surrendered their rights to the king, so that in truth there could be no just exception taken against the sovereign,' yet the master of Peter-house, quick at analogies, and critical at deductions, communicating with the master of Christ College and the vice-chancellor, a murmur rose, which reached London, and at length the king's ear, of the tendency of these republican doctrines. Dr. Dorilaus at first offered to clear himself before the heads of houses: he proposed to despatch letters to his patron and other eminent personages, to explain his opinions; but at length resolving to address himself personally to Lord Brooke, he suddenly suppressed these letters, observing, that 'he would see an accuser, before he replied to an accusation.' What occurred at court is obscure. The Bishop of Winchester, in his majesty's name, suspended our history-lecturer; but shortly after, the suspension was annulled, and the doctor allowed to return to his chair. Fuller, who alludes to this transaction, tells us, that 'Dorilaus was accused to the king, troubled at court, and after his submission hardly restored to his place.' His first patron, however, who differed in his political sentiments from his successor, the republican Lord Brooke, in a letter to the doctor requested that he would retire to his own country, assuring him, however, of his stipend during life. Lord Brooke, shortly after this generous offer, was assassinated by his servant. The doctor, it is certain, never contemplated returning to his republic, and it is suspected that he had his reasons. This scholar and adventurer was 'a fair-conditioned man,' as indeed appears by his portrait. He married an Englishwoman, was established a professor at Gresham College—and this foreigner, whom Fuller describes as 'a Dutchman, very enlivened in language and behaviour,' became a very important personage in the great Revolution of the land of his adoption. A history of this Dutch doctor of civil laws, and republicans, would furnish a

subject of considerable interest in our own political history. Although we have not hitherto been enabled to trace the private life of this remarkable character, for the long interval of twenty years, in which he was settled in this country, yet it is quite evident, that during this period he cultivated an intimate intercourse with the English republicans of that day; for he became their chief counsellor, a participator in their usurpations, and acted in a high station in the commonwealth. His death was not less political than his life. The first patron of Dr. Dorilaus, Fulke Greville, afterwards Lord Brooke, was succeeded in his title by his cousin, Robert Greville, whom he had adopted as his son. The young lord was then scarcely of age; and the republican sentiments of the second Lord Brooke, imbued by the generous temper of youth, were so opposite to the monarchical character of the first lord, that we have no difficulty in discovering his tutor in his own historical lecturer of Cambridge. In the dreams of his soul, lofty views of human nature broke forth; and in a romantic passion of patriotism and misanthropy, he had planned, with another discontented noble, Lord Say and Sele, to fly to the forests of New England, to enjoy that delusive freedom which he conceived that he had lost in the old. Whether Dr. Dorilaus would have accompanied his pupil, and have forsaken the academy of Gresham for an American savannah, may be doubted. The doctor had abandoned his own republic for a more comforting abode in a monarchy. The founders of sects are often very different in their views and temperaments to their proselytes. A cool head has often inflamed hot ones, as water feeds fire. Lord Brooke's motives were the purest which human nature can experience; yet such a secession from our father-land may be condemned as betraying more sullenness than patriotism. It was this Lord Brooke who afterwards sided with the parliament, and whose extraordinary prayer on the day of his death, at the storming of the church-close at Litchfield, has been adulated by those who presume to explore into the secret ways of Providence, as a demonstration of what they are pleased to term particular providences, or judgments; while the opposite party, who do not object to these divine catastrophes whenever they happen to their enemies, never recognise one in the fate of their friend: thus it happens that the man whom one party considers as the object of divine vengeance, is exalted by the other into the beatitude of a saint. It would have been more reasonable to have remarked, that this very prayer, from the pure and noble mind of Lord Brooke, perhaps argued some painful doubts about the cause which he had espoused, and for which he was to die. If we consider the intimacy which this Lord Brooke must necessarily have cherished with the historical professor placed on the foundation of his relative, and the whole tenour of his lordship's actions from his early days, it will be evident that this noble enthusiast was the political pupil of his republican professor of civil law. When the rebellion or the revolution broke out, our speculative philosopher, Doctor Dorilaus, became a practical politician. The notions of government which he maintained well suited that base minority, who in those unhappy days triumphed over the monarchy and the aristocracy of England; and an indissoluble bond of political connexion was formed between Dorilaus and the popular chiefs. The Dutch doctor of civil law became their learned counsellor and their resolute

agent, and the political adventurer received the gratitude of the co-partners and the profits of the co-partnership. We discover Doctor Dorilaus as the judge advocate in Essex's army; we find Doctor Dorilaus presiding as one of the judges of the Admiralty; we behold the republican foreigner standing between the attorney and the solicitors-general at the trial of the King of England; and when his ability had served the English commonwealth so zealously at home, we see him commissioned by his friends in power to return to his native land as their representative—the ambassador of England! There, when scarcely arrived, and in a manner the most unexpected, the doctor terminated his career. His character was too flagrant not to attract the notice and indignation of the English emigrants. Some cavaliers, maddened by loyalty and passion, who knew how actively Dorilaus had occupied himself in forwarding the unparalleled catastrophe which the world had witnessed, avenged the murder of their sovereign by an unpardonable crime—the crime of assassination. A party rushed into his apartment while he was at supper, and despatched the ambassador of the new commonwealth. This foreigner must have obtained an ascendancy in the government not yet entirely discovered; and had been most intimately consulted on the events of the times, and more particularly in the conduct of the most criminal of the acts of the men in power. This appeared by the predominant party decreeing him a public funeral, attended by the council of state, the judges, and the whole parliament. Evelyn has chronicled this public funeral for 'the villain who managed the trial against the king.' It has been urged in favour of Dorilaus, that he did not speak at the trial of the king. It is probable that this foreigner might not have acquired all the fluency of forensic elocution necessary to address those who were called the English people, on an occasion so tremendously solemn. Those, moreover, who had been forced up into supreme power, might also have still retained some slight remains of decorum, and scarcely have desired that a stranger, with a foreign accent, should plead for the English people against their sovereign. But was Dorilaus less active because he was mute? As a civilian, he was most competent to draw up the indictment, such as it was; and he acted so important a part in the trial itself, that in the print we may observe this Dutch doctor standing between the commonwealth's council, Cooke and Aske. Such is the story of Doctor Dorilaus, a foreigner who was more busied in our history than appears by the pages of our historians. The concealed design of his historical lectures, when the professorship was first founded at Cambridge, seemed doubtful to many, but less so to discerning judgments. The whole tenour of the professor's life must now remove all doubts. Dr. Dorilaus was a political adventurer, a republican by birth and principle, the native of a land where, in the youthhood of the republic, a nation's independence had broke forth; there was no small town, scarcely an obscure spot, which did not commemorate some stratagem of war, some night assault, some voluntary immolation, or which bore not the vestige of some glorious deed. There the siege had famished the city; there the dyke, broken by the patriot's hand, had inundated his own province. The whole face of the country was covered with associations of unconquered patriotism. Dorilaus had willingly deserted this popular freedom and poverty, to endure the servitude of mo-

narchy in ease and competence. The Dutch republican consented to join the English people, to adopt his own expressions, in surrendering their rights to their sovereign. Perhaps he afterwards deemed that 'the majesty of the people' retained the power of revoking their grant. His Roman intrepidity, if our lecturer on the seven kings of Rome ever possessed it, was now lurking among intriguers, and his republican pride at length was sharing in the common spoil. Such is the picture of a republican whose name appears in our history, and who acted a remarkable part in it, but who has not hitherto received the notice which he claims."

And here we end. Mr. D'Israeli's style is easy and conversational, without being very correct or highly polished. His sentiments are determinedly Jacobite, royalist, and high-church. Taking his side, he seems earnestly to seek truth; and if his statements are to be received as coloured by his feelings, no one can suspect them of being disingenuously perverted.

At the conclusion of his volumes, which we sincerely hope he will soon multiply till he finishes his task, we cannot help being strongly impressed with the sense that all historical discussions which involve religious differences are more bitter, passionate, and intolerant, than any others; that they generate more falsehoods and evil acts on both sides, and are attended by grosser contradictions, misrepresentations, and personal persecutions.* Is not this strangely inconsistent with the spirit of Christianity? Yet so it is.

SIGHS OF BOOKS.

The Poetical Works of Thomas Campbell. 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1828. Colburn.

ORNAMENTED with an admirable likeness of the Poet, from the easel of Sir Thomas Lawrence, and engraved in the finest style by Mr. John Burnet, this handsome, though small, edition of Mr. Campbell's poetical works must be received with universal favour. They are now collected for the first time, the copyrights of his earliest productions having only recently, we believe, reverted to the author, who has thus been enabled to fulfil a popular desideratum in our elegant literature. The first volume contains the Pleasures of Hope, Gertrude of Wyoming, Theodric, and several translations from the Greek; the second has the exquisite minor pieces, such as Lochiel's Warning, Hohenlinden, Ye Mariners of England, &c. &c. Of the whole it is past all time now to speak—public taste has long confirmed the awards of criticism, and Mr. Campbell stands justly in the foremost rank of modern British bards: but we will not dismiss these volumes without warmly recommending them for one distinguishing quality. Never did poet produce a work more deserving of female acceptance; for, with all the fervour of his minstrel art, Mr. Campbell has never uttered a thought unfit for the chastest mind, nor penned a line which, on dying, he could wish to blot.

The Voyage of Captain Popanilla. By the Author of "Vivian Grey." 12mo. pp. 243. London, 1828. Colburn.

A SATIRICAL squib, the gist of which is to shew that the people of England live in too

* See all the histories of the age of Henry VIII., Mary, Elizabeth, and the Stuarts. See the late Parliamentary Debates on the Catholic Question. The last part of Constable's Miscellany is by a Mr. Bell, and begins a life of Mary Queen of Scots, which strikingly illustrates the same argument—that wherever the doctrine of peace and good-will is brought into the dispute, then surely causes aggravated hostility and hatred.

artificial a state. The frame-work consists of the adventures amongst us of Popanilla, a native of a natural island, where the good folks rise at sun-set, and dance and sport their (days, we were going to say) nights away. He turns political economist, is banished, and arrives at Hubbubub (London), where various extraordinary inconsistencies and follies are presented to his study. The volume displays so much ingenuity and talent, that we may probably yield it a longer notice; but at present we must dismiss it, as a *jeu d'esprit* of considerable merit, though unequal, and not so racy as a Swift of 1828 might have made it.

The Lairds of Fife. 3 vols. London, 1828, Hurst, Chance, and Co.; Edinburgh, Constable and Co.

WE must confess we do not understand the aim of these volumes; they have no literary merit; and the satire, if such be meant, is too much of mere local gossip. We, at least, cannot catch its wit or meaning.

Victoria: or, the Male Coquette and the Dupe. 3 vols. 12mo. J. Robins and Co. London and Dublin.

AN historical novel, such as novels were twenty years ago—with no distinguishing features or feature.

Waldstein; or, the Swedes in Prague; from the German of Madame C. Pichler. By J. D. Rosenthal. 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1828. Rodwell.

A VERY well-executed and skilfully abridged translation of what is a most favourable specimen of German romance. The narrative is interesting throughout, and many of the characters excellently drawn. *Johanna* is a particularly sweet sketch.

Eccelano da Romano, surnamed the Tyrant of Padua; a Poem, in Twelve Books. By Henry Augustus Viscount Dillon. 8vo. pp. 420. London, 1828. E. Lloyd and Son.

LORD DILLON'S Epic is too mighty for us to grapple with it on its first shewing. It contains some poetical images and ideas, and some as queer materials as we have often met with, either as regards thought or composition.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Captain Rock's Suppressed Volume.

[Third Notice.]

THE vanity and pride of the real representative-descendant of the genuine "King of all Ireland" are excessive. With him the gracious Majesty of Great Britain is little more than a Guelph, who has played his ancestors and him a dog's trick by mounting his throne. We fear to interpose where such mighty interests are in conflict: the weak generally come off second best when they interfere between the issues of the strong; and we have seen meddlers crushed—for, as the poet truly says,

They that in quarrels interpose,
Must often wipe a bloody nose.

Now, as our nose is an extremely delicate and sensitive feature, we beg to be understood as being entirely neutral in the present case. If George the Fourth, whom we dearly love and admire, is pleased to call for our assistance in any other case, we will come forward with heart and soul; nay, we would even serve his Majesty at the risk of taking office in the Administration, which is a great deal: but we beg and entreat that he will not require of us to take any part against Captain Rock, or the heir and inheritor of the titles of the Milesian kings. There is a point beyond which even

loyalty ought not to be stretched; and how dared we to incur the displeasure of the royal author of this dreadful book? What would he make of such poor creatures as we are, seeing that he makes nothing of the highest Paladins of the age? What should we be to the grasp which extinguishes the noble races of the Boyles, the Stewarts of Londonderry, and even the Wellesleys?—why, dust and dirt, to be pulverised and trampled upon.

The illustrious house of Boyle is but chaff in the estimation of this man of antiquity, before whose eyes a Welsh pedigree (having Adam somewhere about the middle of the tree) would be a mere modern instance. But this portion of the genealogies we must defer for conclusion in our next.

His Majesty observes, with great composure, that his genealogies will be found to differ somewhat from those furnished by themselves, as set forth in Debreth's Peerage; but we fancy the day has gone past, when mankind will pay much deference to names of a century of more or less antiquity, "without the stamp of merit," which is now, in these liberal times, considered to be equal to length of race.

But if the Boyles are contumeliously treated, what shall we say to the royal writer's contemptuous usage of the far more exalted family of Wellesley? To him, the conqueror of Napoleon is a plebeian cipher: the four brother peers, whose names adorn this glorious race, are not superior to paupers in a work-house: the Premier of England a petty clerk to a chandler. We remember at our humble King's coronation, being as it were lifted up by seeing the mother of these, to our senses, elevated and illustrious men, proud with all a parent's feelings, and looking upon the Hall below, where three dazzling coronets had rewarded the splendid military achievements and the valuable civil services of her progeny. Since then, another glittering cincture has been bound round another of their brows, and the peerage of Cowley joined to those of Wellington, Wellesley, and Maryborough!! But what are trifles like these, to one to whom M'Carthy king of South, or O'Brien king of North Munster, or M'Murrough king of Leinster, or O'Nial king of Ulster, or Brien Bourroo himself, or any regal Mac or O whomsoever, beneath the dignity of an O'Connor, supreme king of "all Ireland and half of Westmeath?" No wonder that heroes and statesmen of the nineteenth century are despised, and that even the splendid race of Wellesley should be thus metamorphosed.

"The name (says his pseudo Majesty) of this family is M'Cull. As their history is most extraordinary, it calls for particular notice—both of itself, as well as to shew that their real claim to birth is much higher than their pretended one—of which fact a better judgment may be formed from the perusal of the following authentic relation. There was a man called Garret Wisely, who had been a trooper in Marlborough's wars, and who, being disbanded, returned to his native country, the county of Meath, in Ireland. As a travelled man, who could tell surprising stories, a good shot, and a great drinker, he was received as an humble companion at the side-tables of the gentry of the country: but at none of their houses was he so welcome as at Dengan Castle, near Trim, then possessed by a female of the name of Cusack. This lady had married a cousin of her own (to preserve the estate in the family), who was rather simple, and therefore a cipher in the house. She had no children; and fame, too frequently busy with character,

spoke aloud of the lady's partiality for the man of war, who, though he had never occupied a higher station on the muster-roll of his regiment than that of *sergeant*, was, through courtesy of the squiralty of the neighbourhood, honoured with the rank of *captain*. These injurious reports had been for some time in active circulation, when Mr. Cusack was one morning found dead beneath the window of his bed-chamber, from which, it was given out, he had leaped in the frenzy of fever. After the usual and decent time of mourning had elapsed, the lady surrendered her person and all her fair domains to the gallant captain, now her lord, on whom was *instantly* bestowed, by all the vicinage, the title of *colonel*,—generally attached, in Ireland, to the possessor of two thousand pounds a-year, even though a civilian! This union the lady did not long survive. Garret consoled himself for his loss, in the possession of a good estate, which made him a person of consequence in his neighbourhood, and the ownership of half the borough of Trim, which enlarged the sphere of his importance. It is now to be mentioned, that Garret had no relations, save two sisters; one of whom had married a poor labouring fellow of the name of Branaghane, who toiled from morning to night, and was all but starved on four-pence a-day: she was therefore not to be known by her more fortunate brother, though she had united herself in her own proper class. The other sister was married, with her brother's approbation, after he became a *gentleman*, to a wealthy grazier in the county of Longford, named Harman, to whom Garret gave, as a portion, his *bond* for one thousand pounds,—some years' interest of which being due,—in truth all, (Garret never having paid a groat to him, or any one else, without the intervention of law)—Harman imprudently sued the *colonel*, enforced payment, and thus put an end to all communication between them. Garret, now disencumbered of wife and relations of every degree, bethought him of an old crony of his, of the name of Cooley (a corruption of M'Cule), a miserable *brogue-maker* at a place called Carbury, in the county of Kildare, with whom he renewed his former acquaintance, and to whom he was in the habit of rendering some small kindnesses. This poor fellow had, as usual in Ireland, a large family, and amongst them a boy named Dick, breeding up to his father's wretched occupation, for whom Wisely promised to do something better; and accordingly bound him apprentice to one Hickey, a kind of pastry-cook in Dublin. Shortly after the expiration of the boy's time, his patron procured for him the civil employment of cook at Dublin Castle; and as he had a good voice, and Garret had told him beforehand to be a *Protestant*, he was now installed as one of the choristers of Christ Church. Nor did Garret stop here; he enabled him to rent a house in Church Lane, where he kept a pastry-cook shop, and distilled spearmint, rose, and lavender waters, and such-like. Garret had lived riotously, and now became infirm. Dick Cooley, whose mind's eye had speculation in it, quitted his shop, abandoned his situation in state and church;—I am aware church has always preceded state, but my attachment to order of time will not admit of it on the present important occasion;—and went to Dangan Castle just to look after his benefactor, where he instantly invested himself in the office of major domo, or *dominus factotum*. At length, Garret, Wisely died, and Dick Cooley happened to *stumble upon a will*, by which he himself became possessed of all the estate, absolutely and without control or

remainder. It has been noticed, that the borough of Trim was an appendage to the estate of Dangan, and by that ladder our hero (now Richard Cooley Wisely, Esq.), being of an aspiring genius, mounted to the viscounty of Mornington. This Right Honourable Lord Viscount Mornington married the daughter of an attorney of the name of Slade. Her *ladyship* the viscountess had one son, named Garret, in compliment to the benefactor of her lord.—(I like to preserve these small traits in *great* personages), which son changed the names of Cooley Wisely to Cowley Wesley, and afterwards to Westly, becoming, by means of the said borough of Trim, *Earl* of Mornington. This noble lord had five sons:—the present marquess, who has changed the names of Cooley Wisely, Wesley, or Westly, to Colley Well-es-ley. William, to whom a small gentleman of the name of William Poole stood godfather, and left his estate (of about 300*l.* a-year at the time), and who now calls himself William Wellesley Pole,—I marvel much if it is not De la Pole, and that kindred is not claimed with the old dukes of Suffolk of that name. Arthur, an officer in the army in India, who is gathering fruit from trees of others' planting,—governor of Seringapatam, (not taken by his prowess:—who, if ever he should chance to rise, will mount on the errors of his opponents, not on his own deserts. Gerald Valerian, a parson—so called, though christened Garret Wisely after his father: but Gerald is a great Norman name—the Fitz-Geralds, Fitz-Maurices, and Fitz-Thomases, being known in history by the distinction of the *Geraldines*: whilst Garret is an uncommonly vulgar appellation in Ireland:—and Henry, an ambassador at some court. These men advance as truth, that their ancestor came to Ireland with Henry II., as standard-bearer to that prince. I have before me the names of all the officers and men of note who invaded Ireland at that time, and no such name appears as either Wisely, Wesley, Westly, or Wellesley, or any thing like them—nor, indeed, at any other time, that any memorial records,—so very obscure were they; neither is the name to be found in the annals of Normanno, or Anglo, Ireland, save in one solitary instance, as follows:—Walter Wellesly, alias Wesely (*Catholic*), prior of Conal, promoted to the see of Kildare, 24th September, 1531, retaining his priory: he died 9th December, 1539, and lies buried in his convent. From all which it appears, that let the Wiselys, Wesleys, Westlys, or Wellesleys, be as conspicuous as for many a century they were in truth obscure, these men have no relation whatever even to Garret Wisely, who had neither consanguinity nor affinity with Cooley:—I must, therefore, now speak of them by that name. I have heard some of them say, that they are descended from a man of the name of Colley, who passed from Rutlandshire to Ireland in the time of Henry the Eighth, where he was master of the rolls, or in some other very ostensible situation:—but of this Richard Cooley Wisely, alias Westly, the father of these men, never thought;—that happy suggestion being reserved for the present time, when their family name was changed from Cooley, or Cowley, to Colley, for the purpose of establishing kindred with the Colleys of Rutlandshire,—of whom, by the by, no human being ever heard any thing, good or bad.—Now to the *undoubted fact*. Their name is M'Cule; and their distant ancestors were heralds to O'Nial, king of Ulster, their portion of land being denominated

Fearnaoi (now called *Fearny*), the meaning of which is 'the shield land,' appertaining to their office,—a high dignity. So true is this, that the M'Coolies assumed and still bear the shield of the king of Ulster as their own. I have now before me the most ancient impression of Keating's History of Ireland, wherein I find the following note in the hand-writing of Geoffrey Keating himself (amongst a great many of the like sort):—'This Harry Colley is of the M'Coolies of the Ferny, shield-bearers to the O'Niaals; and they bear the arms—a lion chained—the achievement on the banner of the O'Niaals.' To conclude, though their motto says, '*Unica virtus necessaria*,' I much doubt whether, without Protestantism and the borough of Trim, their *virtue* would have raised them from poverty, misery, and Carbury, to competence, much less nobility."

Can aught exceed the folly of such diatribes as these? Alas, for human dignity!

When Adam delved, and Eve span,
Who was then the gentleman?

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

On Friday, the 23d, Mr. Brockedon gave a brief but highly interesting account of a new mode of projecting shot, discovered by Mr. Sievier. It appears that Mr. Sievier was amusing himself by firing off gunpowder in a syringe, in the side of which he had made a small touch-hole near the bottom, and had arranged the charge of powder until it was competent to throw the piston across the room, when the body of the syringe was held fast. He then thought of inverting the order of things, and of holding the piston whilst the syringe was allowed to be projected; supposing it would go perhaps half-way across the room, instead of which it darted through the ceiling, and was picked up in the room above. This effect seemed to result, in some way or other, from the generation of a power acting much more forcibly upon that which contained the charge of powder, than upon that which, like wadding or a shot, merely helped to confine it; and accordingly shot were made hollow, and with a bamboo for the powder, and were fired from off mandrels fitted on blocks of wood. The effect of these kind of shot was described as being very extraordinary, when the small charge of powder was taken into account; and Mr. Brockedon considered the nature and principles of the recoil of guns, and stated that he thought there were sufficiently evident reasons for the effect produced. One very great advantage of the method of throwing shot, consists in the exceedingly light mandrel and carriage which may be substituted for the heavy gun and its appurtenances necessary to throw a shot of a given weight.

Some very fine specimens and drawings of fulgurites, or lightning tubes, from Westphalia, were exhibited in the library by Dr. Fiedler, and their nature briefly explained by Mr. Faraday in the lecture-room, after Mr. Brockedon had concluded his account of the shot. Some very rare minerals were also laid upon the tables; and pictures, with numerous fine engravings and specimens of natural history, were placed about the room.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.

On Monday the annual distribution given by this Society took place in the King's Theatre, Lord Radnor in the chair. Not having previously heard of this meeting, we can only speak from common report, that it was numerously attended; and that several apparently

very useful mechanical inventions were distinguished by medals and other rewards.

SCIENTIFIC EXPEDITIONS.

THE Blossom. Captain Beechey, is on her way home to old England, after her long and arduous voyage. The latest accounts are from Acapulco, of March 17th, when the ship was getting under weigh for Valparaiso; so that our gallant countrymen may be expected at Portsmouth in August or September.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Hall's Atlas. Part VIII.

A NEW Part, and a repetition of our praise. The work is now nearly half-sens-over, for the next Part (IX.) is the mid-channel of the *seventeen*; and we must say that it has been fully kept up to its launch. Southern Germany, the United States, and the Pacific Ocean, studded with islands and archipelagos, which constitute the present fasciculus, are as well done (they could not be better!) as any that have gone before.

CURE OF CONSUMPTIVE DISEASES.

THE opposite inclinations of human minds to be too easily led into any belief, or to be too difficult of conviction; or, in other words, those different dispositions which we designate by *credulous* and *incredulous*, may equally tend to defeat the ends of truth, and perpetuate the dominion of ignorance. As simplicity perplexes by crediting too much, so does scepticism pervert by crediting too little: the former is all upon the surface, and the latter seeks another bottom below the actual bottom of the well. We are induced to offer these remarks, in consequence of having recently bestowed some pains and attention upon the investigation of a method of curing consumptive diseases as practised by Mr. Long, of Harley Street. The question whether that gentleman is right or wrong, is of prodigious importance to society; and having heard several well-authenticated instances of the cure of these fatal maladies, we could not hold ourselves justified in rejecting as visionary and unreal what appears to be so convincingly vouched for by disinterested persons of high respectability and great intelligence. Our Journal, we felt, was, in one of its best branches, devoted to the development of discoveries in science; and as no science so nearly affects humanity as medicine does, and as no part of medicine is so deeply and universally interesting as that which is involved in the single term *consumption*, we have considered it to be our duty, both to the public and to Mr. Long, to inquire diligently and minutely into this matter.

It will be perceived, at once, that this could not be readily accomplished. No person who pursues a secret course of practice, and whose patients are bound never to divulge the method by which they have been restored to the blessings of health, can be very willing to admit any other individual within the pale of his privacy. And another objection existed against us in the present instance: it was known that we belonged decidedly to the class of the sceptical and incredulous with respect to Mr. Long's discovery. Under these circumstances, it at least argued well of that gentleman's confidence in himself and in his system, that he agreed to afford us (under the common pledge of secrecy) every opportunity of witnessing his proceedings, of seeing his patients, and of examining the results. And here we confess at once to have been much struck,

not only by the entire novelty of the treatment of his cases by Mr. Long, but by the openness with which it was attended. There was no mystery, except in the *arcum* itself; every one saw what was done with every other, and was thus enabled to form a judgment, not merely from his own individual case, but from the effects produced on many cases. A man may be deceived, or partially deceive himself, in the estimate of his being better or worse; but no art whatever could succeed in blinding him to the facts, whether a dozen persons around him, for several weeks, obviously retrograded, remained stationary, or recovered. We insist the more upon this, because we deem it a very distinguishing feature of Mr. Long's method, and because the cheering prospect of seeing those afflicted with the same disease as themselves, rapidly advancing under his care to convalescence, is itself a medicine of no small efficacy.

Intending to express our opinions more at length upon this vitally important subject, and to develop, as far as we may, what is proposed to be, what is, and what has been, done by Mr. Long, we must for the present shape our remarks to the space we can allow, and simply advise such of our readers as are directly or remotely concerned in this investigation, not to receive our very favourable impression, but to seek what they can very readily find, as we have experienced, the testimonies of those whom this discovery has lifted from the bed of sickness, almost of death, and restored to the enjoyment of society and life.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

OXFORD, May 31.—Saturday, being the last day of Easter Term, the following degrees were conferred:—
Bachelor in Divinity.—The Rev. J. Jones, Fellow of Jesus College.
Bachelor in Civil Law.—Rev. T. V. Bayne, M.A. Scholar of Jesus College, and Head Master of Warrington School.

Masters of Arts.—Rev. J. W. Cary, Rev. G. Price, Magdalen Hall; H. H. Dod, Rev. T. A. Holland, Worcester College; Rev. T. Fogg, St. John's College.
Bachelors of Arts.—C. Tufnell, Balliol College, Grand Compounder; B. Simpson, Scholar, R. Pain, H. Smith, Queen's College; J. F. E. Warburton, M. J. Taylor, Brasenose College; A. E. Skelchey, R. Pritchard, Magdalen Hall; W. P. Powell, J. C. Young, Worcester College; J. Pearson, W. R. Ward, J. B. B. Westman, Balliol College; Right Hon. A. Viscount Acheson, T. P. Bridges, I. H. Pring, Christ Church; E. E. Hughes, J. V. Lloyd, H. R. Thomas, Jesus College; J. L. Brown, T. J. Cartwright, University College; E. J. Phillips, Exeter College; E. Benbow, Pembroke College; L. A. Sharpe, Fellow, O. Philpott, St. John's College.
Wednesday, the first day of Act Term, the Rev. W. T. P. Brymer, M.A. of Trinity College, Cambridge, was admitted *ex eundem*; and the following degrees were conferred:—

Bachelor in Medicine (with License to practice).—J. M. Calvert, Oriel College.
Bachelor in Civil Law.—W. A. Rev., Fellow of St. John's College.
Masters of Arts.—J. E. Denison, Rev. S. Smith, Student, Christ Church; Rev. T. Twyden, Merton College, Grand Compounder; Rev. J. Horsford, W. R. Higg, Queen's College; Rev. J. Wakefield, St. Edmund Hall; Rev. J. Pugh, Rev. H. Hughes, T. Bevan, Rev. H. Vaughan, Rev. T. Lloyd, Jesus College; Rev. W. Milner, Worcester College; G. J. Penn, H. Labouchere, Christ Church; J. Parry, Fellow, Brasenose College; Rev. C. Floyer, G. D. Tyler, Trinity College; Rev. H. R. Harrison, Lincoln College; Rev. S. Cragg, Magdalen Hall.

Bachelors of Arts.—C. T. Gaskell, Trinity College, Grand Compounder; P. Turner, Pembroke College; R. Roland, St. Mary Hall; F. H. Hele, W. J. T. Dodgson, H. Mould, Queen's College; T. Sutton, J. R. Redhead, St. Edmund Hall; T. Curme, Worcester College; R. Pennefather, H. C. Smith, C. S. Twissleton, Scholar, R. Scott, Balliol College; J. G. Phillimore, Student, M. W. Ridley, T. C. Whitmore, H. R. Beaumont, R. F. Laurence, Student, Christ Church; K. Trimmer, J. Shide, H. N. Goldney, J. Lawson, St. Alban Hall; W. Harding, University College; J. Hamilton, J. Higgins, T. W. Booth, Brasenose College; J. J. Richardson, Oriel College; J. A. Giles, Scholar, Corpus College; W. Pilkington, J. H. Hughes, Demys, Magdalen College; H. D. Sewell, W. A. Trenchard, J. Purton, Trinity College; F. T. New, St. John's College; J. C. Crowley, R. G.

Lewis, T. B. Saunders, Wadham College; G. S. Escott, J. Manley, Lord Crew's Exhibitioner, Lincoln College; E. E. Villiers, Postmaster, W. Nettleship, Merton College.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

MAY 22d, a letter was read from Thomas Andrew Knight, Esq., addressed to the President, containing an *Account of some Circumstances relating to the Economy of Bees*.

In a former paper the author stated his having observed that, several days previous to the settling of a swarm of bees in the cavity of a hollow tree adapted to their reception, a considerable number of those insects were incessantly employed in examining the state of the tree, and particularly of every dead knot above the cavity which appeared likely to admit water. He has since had an opportunity of noticing, that the bees who performed this task of inspection, instead of being the same individuals, as he had formerly imagined, were, in fact, a continual succession of different bees: the whole number in the course of three days being such as to warrant the inference, that not a single labouring bee ever emigrates in a swarm without having seen its proposed future habitation. He finds that the same remark applies not only to the permanent place of settlement, but also to the place where the bees rest temporarily, soon after swarming, in order to collect their numbers.

The swarms which were the subjects of Mr. Knight's experiments shewed a remarkable disposition to unite under the same queen. On one occasion, a swarm which had arisen from one of his hives settled upon a bush, at a distance of about twenty-five yards; but instead of collecting together into a compact mass, as they usually do, they remained thinly dispersed for nearly half an hour, after which, as if tired of waiting, they singly, and one after the other, and not in obedience to any signal, arose and returned home. The next morning a swarm issued from a neighbouring hive, and proceeded to the same bush upon which the other bees had settled on the preceding day, collecting themselves into a mass, as they usually do when their queen is present. In a few minutes afterwards a very large assemblage of bees rushed from the hive from which the former swarm had issued, and proceeded directly to the one which had just settled, and instantly united with them. The author is led from these and other facts to conclude, that such unions of swarms are generally, if not always, the result of previous concert and arrangement.

He next proceeds to mention some circumstances which induce him to believe that sex is not given to the eggs of birds, or to the spawn of fishes or insects, at any very early period of their growth. Female ducks, kept apart from any male bird till the period of laying eggs approached, when a musk drake was put into company with them, produced a numerous offspring, six out of seven of which proved to be males.

The mule fishes found in many rivers where the common trout abounds, and where a solitary salmon is present, are uniformly of the male sex: hence the spawn must have been without sex at the time it was deposited by the female.

Mr. Knight states that he has also met with analogous circumstances in the vegetable world, respecting the sexes of the blossoms of monocious plants. When the heat is excessive, compared with the quantity of light which the plant receives, only male flowers appear; but if the light be in excess, female flowers alone are produced.

At this meeting His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society.

FINE ARTS.

ROYAL ACADEMY.

In continuing our notice of the works in the Antique Academy, our task will not be an arduous one; for, with the exception of those which we have already mentioned, and of the miniatures, there is not much (at least within the sphere of vision) to attract attention.

No. 540. *Windsor Castle, from the Playground, Eton*; and No. 541. *Windsor Castle, from the north-west*. W. Daniell, R.A.—The name of Windsor must always be associated with the recollection of the grand and beautiful in English scenery. Of some of the pleasing varieties of that scenery these chaste and well-executed drawings afford an admirable representation.

No. 549. *The Chamois: sketched in the Tyrol*. J. F. Lewis.—To this, as to all his works of a similar description, Mr. Lewis has imparted an interest beyond that which belongs to the mere portrait of the animal.

No. 560. *Two Students watching the Clock of Eternity*. T. M. Van Holst.—We looked for this picture in the hope that it might possess some quality which would redeem the absurdity of its title; but we were disappointed. O! that the clock had struck while the artist was at work upon it!

No. 571. *Portrait of David Wilkie, Esq. R.A. in a masquerade costume: drawn at Rome*. J. Hollins.—It is an old saying, that "when people are at Rome they must do as Rome does." But for that maxim, we should certainly have been much surprised to see Mr. Wilkie so attired. We hail it, however, as a symptom of the cheerfulness attendant on that returning health, which none, even the personal friends of that admirable artist, can wish him more cordially than we do.*

No. 575. *Still Life*. G. Lance.

"Goose—rabbit—pheasant—pigeons—all;
With good brown jug for beer—not small!"

Some of the good things with which this performance abounds are lost for want of a good light; but there are parts of it which are not worthy of Mr. Lance's hitherto wonderful execution. The great fault, however, is, that the whole is a confused jumble, but too true to the Hudibrastic quotation; and that it is deficient, not only in arrangement, but in harmony of colouring.

No. 583. *The Miniature*. Rose Emma Drummond.—Here are two ladies, with a miniature between them, on which, however, neither of them appears to look; and for the best of all possible reasons; namely, that, if she did, a great portion of her own features would be lost to the spectator. Of the picture, however, we may justly say, that, with the exception of a little hardness, it does great credit to the fair artist.

No. 619. *Prometheus chained*. W. Bromley, A.E.—This artist exhibits considerable talents in design, as well as in engraving. His subjects are generally of a classical character; and, without attempting to catch the eye by a display of vivid colours, are excellent as compositions.

* The last accounts of our accomplished countryman were from Bordeaux, where he was in good spirits, and on his route home from Madrid. It is curious enough, that his letter spoke enthusiastically of the paintings of Velasquez, which he had seen in the Spanish capital, at the very time when the Exhibition in the British Gallery enables us to form so complete a judgment of the excellencies of that truly great master.—Ed.

No. 629. *Frame containing four Designs from Monstrelet*. T. Stothard, R.A.—These, and Nos. 641, *Arabian Nights*, and 642, *From the "Tales of my Landlord,"* together with a small painting in the Great Room, No. 98, *May Morning*, (none of them of recent production,)—are in the most characteristic style of this admirable artist.

No. 638. *Enamel Portrait of the late John Flaxman, Esq. R.A.; painted from the original Picture by John Jackson, Esq. R.A.* W. Essex.—This, and No. 646, *Enamel, from a Picture by Giorgione, in the late Lord Radstock's Collection*, T. Roth, are interesting in subject and character, and clever specimens of the class of art to which they belong.

No. 906. *Smugglers sinking their Cargo*. A. G. Vickers.—An admirable drawing, clear and forcible; although hung far too high to enable us to judge of the execution of its details.

As the portraits in large, above stairs, so the portraits "in little," below, are to many of the visitors of the Exhibition among its principal attractions. The latter may certainly boast of as much talent, and of as full a display of some of the best qualities of art, as the former. Their size and portableness confer upon them advantages which their more unwieldy rivals do not possess. By the aid of miniature, a man may carry his wife or his mistress about in his waistcoat pocket; and a whole family may be deposited in a reticule, or be transported in the recesses of a writing-desk to any part of the globe. Fashion, capricious as she is, has never withdrawn her attention from these treasured gems of art, although she may have occasionally moderated it. Hence their multitude and excellence; and although they do not furnish much matter for critical remark, we will point out a few of the most striking. Occupying a conspicuous place on the first screen, we find,

No. 696. *Portraits of Mrs. George Bankes and Children*. S. J. Rochard.—A very clever group; although the shadows of the flesh are a little too cold and black, and the pencilling is a little too hard.

No. 699. *Sketch for the four Seasons*. Anne Mee.—These Seasons cannot belong to this country; or, if they do, the year is sadly flattered; for Winter, instead of occupying two thirds of it, is scarcely visible!

No. 697. *Portrait of Miss Charlotte Johnson*. W. C. Ross.—Distinguished among many other fine miniatures from the same pencil, by its beautiful character, both in composition and in execution.

No. 709. *Portrait of Miss Noyes, as Psyche*. Mrs. Green.—Playful and captivating, and beautifully coloured.

No. 705. *Portrait of a Lady in the Costume of the 17th Century*. C. R. Bone.—There is great taste and promise in this young artist's performance.

No. 696. *Portrait of H. Bone, Esq. R.A.* W. Bone.—A highly finished and characteristic portrait.

No. 735. *Portrait of Mrs. J. Hankey*. Mrs. J. Robertson.—This lady's works are replete with taste and beauty; and possess as many and as high qualities of art as could be exhibited on the largest canvass.

Among many other able miniatures, are, No. 676, *Portrait of R. Medcalf, Esq.*, M. Haughton; No. 682, *Portrait, Miss J. Ross*; No. 756, *Portrait of a Lady*, A. E. Chalon, R.A.; No. 776, "Tick, tick," Miss Sharpe; No. 766, *Portrait of Mrs. Boddington*, Mrs. Green; No. 775, *Portrait of Mrs. Forbes of Callander*, Mrs. J. Robertson; No. 865, *Portrait of Elizabeth, eldest daughter of John*

Heaphy, Esq. as Isabella, Countess de Croye, Miss Heaphy; No. 856, *Portrait of J. J. Buxton, Esq.*, A. Robertson; No. 853, *The Age of Bliss—Portrait of Miss Donaldson*, Miss M. Ross; No. 923, *A Ball-Room*, Miss L. Sharpe; and No. 924, *Portrait of Mrs. Johnston*, Mrs. J. Robertson. We trust that the last-mentioned portrait is paid for doubly; the profile in the glass being as beautiful in character and execution as the rest of this admirable performance.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Outlines from the Ancients. Etched by F. C. Lewis; with Descriptions by G. Cumberland, Esq. Parts I. and II. Septimus Prowett.

THE importance of a close study of the best remaining specimens of Greek and Roman sculpture, as the only legitimate preparation for the pursuit of the highest objects of art, has been too strongly insisted upon by authorities from which there is no appeal, to render it necessary for us to say a single word on the subject. The present publication will be found a pleasing and valuable auxiliary to that study. Mr. Cumberland tells us, in an introduction replete with judicious remark, that the Outlines which he now produces were collected by him during a visit that he made to Rome so long back as the year 1784; at which time there existed in that city "a diligent school of real students, both in sculpture and in painting." Of those students, four—Desre, Robinson, Woodford, and Grignon—were eminently skilled in drawing; but Desre (of whom an interesting biographical sketch is given) soared above the rest in execution. With these young artists Mr. Cumberland associated. He drew with them, he obtained many of their drawings, he traced others; and hence the stores which he has at length begun to open. The work is to consist of about eighty engravings, with letter-press descriptions, and is to be completed in eight parts. The Outlines in the two parts already published are arranged in various classes; viz. ornamental designs, playful subjects, theatrical subjects, three varieties of motion, character in heads, pensive subjects, composed grave compositions, and gentle action. They are etched in a free style by Mr. Lewis; and, we are persuaded, must have a very beneficial effect on the student in art; more especially by awakening his attention to the ancient principles of harmony in the flow and arrangement of lines—the foundation of all beauty, grace, and dignity.

Portia and Bassanio. Drawn on stone by J. D. Harding, from a Picture by H. F. Briggs, A.R.A. Ackermann.

THERE are a manly simplicity and a breadth in all Mr. Briggs's works which are exceedingly to our taste; and which render them peculiarly fit subjects for the engraver. Mr. Harding has transferred these qualities to his stone very successfully.

Views in the Tyrol. Drawn on stone by F. Nicholson, from original Sketches taken on the spot. No. I. Engelmann and Co. SLIGHT, but spirited representations of the bold and romantic scenery of a country which the name of Hofer will ever endear to the lovers of liberty.

Sketches of Character. By C. Henderson; drawn on stone by M. Gaud. Nos. III. and IV. Engelmann.

VERY humorous and entertaining. We believe that the story on which the twenty-fourth Sketch is founded was originally told in the

Literary Gazette. The series are capital adjuncts for the table, either during the tedious half-hour before, or the lounging hour after, dinner.

Portrait of the Right Hon. Harriet, Countess of Sheffield. Engraved by — Dean, from a Picture by J. Jackson, R.A.

THIS is the forty-second of a Series of Portraits of the Female Nobility, and ornaments the Number of "La Belle Assemblée" for the present month. The original picture is No. 200 in the Exhibition at Somerset House. It is full of feminine grace and beauty; and Mr. Dean has engraved it admirably.

Breaking-up. Drawn on stone by G. F. Childs, from a Picture by J. Boden. Engelmann. PICTURESQUE and interesting. O! happy urchin, with thy wand, banner, and medal! "Breaking-up"—What a flood of delightful recollections does the repetition of that boyish phrase pour on our minds! Alas! at present—but let us try a verse in humble imitation of our friend Hood:

In school we breakfast, dine, and sup;
In school, in London town;
We never have a breaking-up,
And so—we're breaking down!

FRENCH ARTISTS: HOBDAV'S GALLERY. SINCE the pictures by Mr. Stothard were placed in this gallery of modern art, a considerable accession has been made to it in the shape of works by several of the painters of the French school. They are twenty-eight in number. Among the principal and most attractive are those by Horace Vernet. No. 1, especially, *Episode of the Battle of Hastings*, representing the finding of the body of Harold, is a very clever and carefully painted example of historical composition. The principal figure, —Edith, surnamed the Swan-necked Beauty,—who has been successful in the search, has much of grace in her action; and although her costume is richly ornamented, it does not appear loaded, nor does it in any way interfere with the beauty of the form. She is powerfully contrasted by the monarch's corpse, the attendant monks, &c. The colouring of the whole is very clear. No. 36, *The Punishment of Mazeppa*, by the same artist, is a grand and animated illustration of the subject. The horses, however, appear to be too well groomed for their wild state, and too variously tinted for nature. The figure of Mazeppa, and the fallen horse, are remarkably fine and expressive: there are instances of bad taste in other parts, which need only be hinted at. No. 29, *A Storm at Dieppe*, in 1826, E. Isabey. Rendered memorable, it seems, by the presence of H. R. H. the Duchess de Berri, who animated and encouraged the sailors to assist the distressed vessels. The character of this tempest is one of deep gloom, and the partial lights, sparingly introduced, leave more for the imagination than is quite consistent with what is within the reach of the eye. No. 25, *Dr. Faustus in his Study*, by E. Delacroix. We noticed a picture by this artist in the late Exhibition at the British Gallery, and praised its Venetian tone of colouring. The same may be said of the present performance; but the characters are not equally well sustained. Indeed, who can take Faustus or Mephistophiles out of the hands of Retzsch? No. 20, *A Woman pursued by a Buffalo*, by Roger. This, and No. 44, *A Neapolitan Family*, by the same artist, are so much in Eastlake's style, that they might pass for his works: we trust they will not be considered the worse for that. "The horse and his rider" might be adopted

as the motto of Mr. H. Vernet's studies, as may be seen in No. 37, *A Huntsman leaping a Barrier*; No. 58, *The Rendezvous of the Chase*, &c. —No. 49, *The Interior of his Study*; No. 41, *Quail Snaring*; and No. 42, *A Poacher*, are varieties from his pencil. Other productions of the French school deserving attention are, No. 21, *The Death of Géricault the Painter*, by Scheffer, sen.; No. 14, *The Interior of a Convent*, by De Forbin; No. 27, *Pilgrims received at the Gate of a Convent*, by R. Leopold; and No. 62, *Portrait of Carle Vernet*, R. Letevre. We must not omit to mention, that, among several interesting novelties of British art, there is a fine whole-length portrait of the Countess of Jersey, by Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A. But the chief merit of this Collection is, that it enables us to institute a fair comparison between the French and English Schools, which may be further aided by Le Thière's fine picture of *Virginus*, still exhibiting at the Egyptian Hall.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

BYRONIANA. NO. II.

BYRON would at times exceed the limits of temperance, and was then particularly kind—not violent, or lachrymose. He was certainly rather fond of wine, and could bear a good deal. He has been known to put a bottle of claret to his mouth, and drink it off at a draught. He kept monks' gowns and hoods at the Abbey; and used to delight sometimes in frightening his visitors in the gloomy galleries and chambers, so favourable to superstition and romance. One of his frolics was as follows:—A member of the select at the Abbey was somewhat given to boasting, after a sufficient quantity of wine, of his freedom from superstitious fears. One dark midnight, Byron told him that he dared not go over the Abbey alone at that hour; which piqued him so, that he forthwith took a candle, and proceeded to shew his fearlessness. Byron had previously put a servant into the stone coffin which then lay in the hall, dressed in the costume of a monk, who was to rise on a given signal, as though disturbed from his eternal sleep. It was not long before the hero of the scene had occasion to pass through the room where the coffin was; and as he approached it, up rose the monk, down went the candle—all was darkness; and the shrieks of the affrighted adventurer brought in the rest of the party to laugh at his terror.—Boxing-matches were frequent among them; but Byron would never allow them to be carried beyond the limits of sport; for on one occasion, when two of the party got up from table at twelve o'clock at night to box, and waxed rather warm, Byron rose, and said to another person, also at table—"Come, we must part them—these people who are boxing now, will be shooting each other to-morrow morning;"—and he accordingly made them shake hands. He always slept with loaded pistols near him; and was very careful in seeing that they were in good order every day. The house, or rather the habitable part of it, was regularly examined by him, to ascertain that every thing was secure: he would poke into every corner of it, to be sure that windows were fastened, doors shut, &c. Doubtless, the dilapidated state of the Abbey rendered these precautions necessary; especially as the populace of the county is known to be the most disorderly in the kingdom, and to set at defiance a magistracy in general too much addicted to the sports of the field to pay particular attention to other matters. When there was no other person at the Abbey, he used to box

with his favourite servant, Rushton, for an hour every day, enveloped in seven flannel jackets and a Turkish cloak, till the perspiration ran from him: he would then hang down his head and shake the drops off like a dog. He kept a carriage, (which, however, he seldom used) and riding horses; and always travelled with four horses when he came to London. He seldom went out any where; and was little known by the people about Newstead: but all those with whom he was in any way connected, speak of him as a good landlord and a kind man. He would allow no intrusion when occupied in writing: if his servant entered the room when he was engaged, either in that way or in meditation, he held up his hand, as a sign for silence until he had committed to paper what was in his mind. In this manner he would frequently keep a servant waiting a considerable time. From its extreme dullness, Newstead never was a favourite residence of his: he lived there only to devote himself more effectually to composition, and work up his imagination to a pitch not so easily compassed elsewhere. It was only in solitude that his mind had full play; and in this place, so favourable to meditation and exalted feelings, his genius seems to have expanded itself under the gloomy influence of local associations, and to have formed that style of deep and romantic interest which became a peculiar feature of his poetry. From his limited income, his establishment was of course small. Murray had been a family servant: Fletcher and Rushton, afterwards a favourite servant, he found in the neighbourhood of Newstead. The latter he first saw when he (R.) was sixteen years old; and being pleased with the lad's appearance, afterwards took him under his protection, had him educated, and fixed him in his service.* The two latter were the only persons who remained with him for any length of time. In the dedication of *Childe Harold*, Byron complains that people were determined not to make a distinction between the Poet and the Pilgrim. With reference to this, while on the subject of his establishment at Newstead, a few words may be said, which cannot be unimportant to any attempts to vindicate the character of Lord Byron. From the description in stanza 7, &c. of Canto I. of *Childe Harold*, referring in part doubtless to Newstead Abbey—

"Monastic dome! condemned to use vile!
Where Superstition once had made her den,
Now Naphian girls were known to sing and smile," &c.

nothing has been able to persuade some people that he did not convert the Abbey into a scene of debauchery and sensuality. Now it is affirmed, on the most undoubted authority, that there never was a woman of the description alluded to, kept at the Abbey; and that so far from its being the resort of abandoned people, and a place of riot and dissoluteness, it was one of severe study, seclusion, and Pythagorean ab-

* As an account of this person is inadmissible in the text, we must dismiss him in *silvius*.

Robert Rushton, celebrated as the Page of *Childe Harold*, may perhaps be taken as another instance of the inconstancy in Byron's adherents. He had been taken from a low estate, and educated by Lord Byron, to whom it may therefore be thought he was much indebted. He accompanied him as far as Gibraltar when he first went abroad; and from that place, as he was of too tender an age to encounter the hardship of travelling in Greece, was sent back under charge of Murray. On Byron's return to England he again lived with him, and went abroad with him the second time to Geneva. There, though treated rather as a secretary than a servant, he left him complaining that more had not been done to serve him, and he had not been rendered independent, &c. Byron, nevertheless, used to write to him up to the time of his quitting Genoa for Greece. He is now settled at Arnold in Nottinghamshire, where he keeps a "seminary for young gentlemen," and Mrs. Rushton, an "establishment for young ladies."

stinence. Even had it been otherwise, *that* was no matter for the consideration or even supposition of the public, still less for those calumnies heaped, without inquiry and mercy, on the head of Lord Byron. His grooms, with the servant above named, made up his male establishment: the females, except one, who had lived with his mother at Southwell, were of the immediate neighbourhood, and, of course, known. If, in the words of Horace,

Ancilla aut verna est prestò, puer impetus in quem.

he was occasionally of the same opinion as the Roman poet, that circumstance afforded no grounds for attacking his moral character.* He never fought a duel; but he used to say, that if ever he was called upon, he would as soon kill a man as look at him; and he thought a person would stand but little chance against him.

It has been said, by enemies of Lord Byron, that his temper was so bad that nobody could long remain with him; that he and his associate, Hobbouse, notwithstanding all their reputed friendship, were constantly at variance; that even in their travels in Greece they were seldom together, but that one always went on first, and they only met occasionally; and, moreover, that he once turned Hobbouse out of his house, and fought a duel with him, &c. &c. All, or nearly all, of these assertions are false. Mr. Hobbouse's own masterly "Journey through Albania" sufficiently disproves one part of the calumny. If sometimes, as is the case with the best of friends, they had tiffs—rather than consider such as quarrels of consequence, we should apply the old saying of

Amantium ire amoris integratio.

They never fought—save, and except with sundry gloves, foils, and single sticks, had and provided at the Abbey, *pro bono publico* (for Byron was everybody's customer);—and never handled pistol near each other, but as a trial of skill at a mark: all of which the curious reader and admirer of Byron is requested duly to observe and understand; and not to believe, that because they once disagreed about some female attendant at Newstead Abbey, they were so ill-suited as to be unable to live together and endure each other's society. In speaking of Byron's residence at Newstead, it ought to be mentioned, that the bear *who* had taken his degree at Cambridge was also a constant companion at the Abbey. *This animal* was perfectly tame, and would stand on his hind paws and lick the face of Murray, the old servant, like a dog. During Byron's travels, it came to an unhappy end,—having roamed one day beyond due limits, some country folks who found it, put a cord with a running noose round its neck, for the purpose of bringing it home, and having fastened it to a cart, the poor bear was strangled to death.

The Hours of Idleness, which were published during Byron's residence at the Abbey, were printed at his own expense. A groom carried over to Newark the manuscript sheet for the dress, and regularly brought back the printed proof of the preceding sheet. The following verses (not in his works) were addressed also to the object of his affections, then married:

There was a time I need not name,
Since it will ne'er forgotten be—
When all our feelings were the same,
As still my soul hath been to thee.
And from that hour, when first thy tongue
Confessed a flame which equalled mine,
Though many a grief my heart hath wrung,
Unknown and thus unfelt by thine;

* B.'s language was rarely gross: but he was wont to damn and abuse Fletcher sometimes in no very measured terms; and occasionally spoke of women not in the most reverential manner.

None—none hath sunk so deep as this,
To think how all that love hath flown,
Transient as every faithless kiss—
But transient in thy breast alone.
And yet my heart some solace knew
When late I heard thy lips declare,
In accents once imagined true,
Remembrance of the days that were.
Yes, my adored! yet most unkind,
Though thou wilt never love again,
To me 'tis doubly sweet to find
Remembrance of that love remain.
Yes, 'tis a glorious thought to me,
Nor longer shall my soul repine,
Whate'er thou art, or e'er shalt be;
Thou hast been dearly, solely mine.

From his estate of Rochdale, it appears that Byron never derived any profit: it was involved in a law-suit, which used to give him much uneasiness. There was a trial about it in Lancashire in 1807; and afterwards in the King's Bench; in both of which he was successful: but still he received no advantage from it. He had an aversion to races, which he never would attend: and though at one time he became a frequenter of the hells of St. James's, his gambling was only in a small way; and he left it off entirely some time before his marriage. It is only surprising, that with his small income he managed to live as he did; for his charitable acts were numerous and are well known.

DRAMA. KING'S THEATRE.

ON Tuesday *Semiramide* was suddenly substituted for the *Lady of the Lake*, in consequence of the sudden indisposition of Mlle. Sontag. We have often observed, that, both physically and morally, performers, and especially singers, are more liable to be affected, by the flying diseases of the season, in our uncertain climate, than any other class of persons. We have wished that some eminent and skilful physician would write a treatise on "The Disorders incidental to the Stage;" but these grave fellows, the college, and even the irregular practitioners, seem never to have considered this important subject to be worthy of their consideration; and the only notice we ever knew them take of it, has been to sign a certificate of the inability of Mr., Mrs., Miss, Signor, Signora, Mde., or Mlle. so and so, to do their duty on some particular night.

In the present instance, however, we understand there is little doubt either as to the nature of the malady or the character of its cure. Mlle. Sontag has, since her benefit, been afflicted with an extreme thirst, and, from the strange accompanying symptoms, it has been inferred, with delirium: for she insists upon bleeding the manager, M. Laporte, *usque ad debilitatem*, as the only method of enabling her to leave her bed of sickness, and to appear in public. She cries out (in this delirium) for five hundred pounds of liquid currency; and, such is her imaginary drought, protests she would swallow every drop. Doctor Laporte, on the other hand, having already administered five hundred pounds for her Benefit, declares, upon his skill, that so much more would not only be pernicious to her, but, after the heavy rains of the spring, absolutely destroy the hay market, which, he thinks, ought to have a crop on the king's side of the meadow, and not be entirely eaten up by the warblers or grasshoppers on that part of the farm, any more than by the morris-dancers opposite.—Not being referred to as umpires, it is not for us to determine how these disputes ought to be settled. We have long fancied that musical and saltatorial talent has been very insufficiently paid. Five thousand pounds

in three months is but a poor recompense for a fine voice or a fine pair of legs; and it is a pity that a more adequate reward is hardly possible, in the present impoverished and unsatisfactory state of (hardly) Great Britain. Perhaps the happy time will come when we can afford as much *per night*;—in dreaming of which we assume our night-cap.

We observe, by the bills, that the disease has been cured by some specific or other; and that Sontag plays *Desdemona* this evening, on her new engagement.

MR. MACREADY returns to Paris in about a fortnight. We regret to find that some difference arose between him and the manager of Drury Lane respecting the receipts on his benefit night, when Mr. M. was prevented from performing by severe indisposition. The enthusiastic admiration of the Parisians will, no doubt, soon console him for this chagrin. Kean has rather improved in the opinion of our French neighbours; but his style was not of a kind to please them entirely.

VARIETIES.

Brass Wire.—When long brass wire has been extended for several days in the open air, and especially in damp weather, it easily breaks if bent in a rather sharp angle, so that it cannot be twisted round the pins of a harpsichord or piano-forte, as it could have been before having been so exposed. This fragility seems to indicate some particular change in the molecular state of the metal.

Encouragement of the Fine Arts.—We learn with pleasure, that Mr. Beckford has become the possessor of Danby's grand and imaginative picture of the Sixth Seal: the author of *Vathek* is, of right, a fit owner of such a production. Mr. Beckford has not only given 500*l.* for this painting, but has commissioned the artist to execute four other subjects for him on a smaller scale, as its companions. The British Institution, to shew their sense of Mr. Danby's exertions in the higher walk of art, have presented him with 200*l.*: they had previously, for a similar reason, presented 100*l.* to Mr. Davis, whose Shrewsbury Family adorned the walls of their last Exhibition.

The French Press.—The commission appointed by the Chamber of Deputies to consider the *project* of the law respecting the periodical press, has made a report, which is said to be full of doubt and hesitation, and to abstain from grappling with the real difficulties of the question.

Criticism.—In a French critique, in *Le Globe*, on Kean's performance of Othello, at Paris, the critic quotes Othello as having loved "no wisely, but too well;" and, advertising to some of the passages in the play omitted in the representation, gives the following as Othello's last words:—

"I kill thee, ere I kill'd thee. No way but this,
Killing myself, to die upon a hill."

Dramatic Readings.—A gentleman of the name of Wigan gave a Lecture at the Argyll Rooms on Saturday last on Dramatic Poetry, illustrated by Readings from Shakespeare. Mr. Wigan is evidently a man of talents and education. It being his first appearance in public, a very pardonable diffidence seemed to prevent him from exhibiting his powers to their full extent; but he nevertheless acquitted himself with great credit, especially towards the close of his arduous undertaking; and was frequently and warmly applauded by a crowded and brilliant audience.

Vauxhall Gardens opened on Monday, with many entertainments and pretty high prices, when the whole *et-ceteras* are put together. What with paying for entrances, seats, galleries, &c., Vauxhall is no longer what Vauxhall was.

Monument to George III.—We have to express our hope, that the meeting, advertised for the 11th, on the subject of this grateful memorial, will be able to determine on a plan of proceeding which will do honour to "the best of kings," though, under the circumstances, and with the delays that have taken place, the grand original design must probably be abandoned.

Royal Precedence.—The New Monthly Magazine highly disapproves of, what it says is contemplated, a marriage between the little Prince George of Cumberland and the little Princess Victoria. Its political and other objections do not appear to us to be very potent; but we confess that we are staggered by the fact stated by the editor, against the match, in these words:—"We have heard it is unpalatable to the young princess." Now, really to force a disagreeable union upon a child, ten years old last birth-day, seems to be very tyrannical, and highly unconstitutional; and we hope such improper conduct will not be persevered in. We'd rather,

"O my stars!
Poke her doll's head between the bars," &c.

Mr. Lane's Pictures.—The Advertisement of the Exhibition of Mr. Lane's grand, sacred, and allegorical Picture, having been accidentally omitted in our *Gazette* for two weeks, we owe him the amends of noticing that it is still visited by numbers of the patrons and lovers of the arts, and that, like all great works, it provokes objections, at this same time that it excites admiration.

French Wines.—The proprietors of vineyards in the department of La Gironde have addressed a petition to the French Chamber, in which they complain of the injury they suffer from the duties imposed on the importation of French wine into foreign countries, as a retaliation by those countries for what are called the protecting duties, imposed in France for the supposed benefit of French manufactures. It appears, that the cultivation of the vine in La Gironde alone, occupies a population of 226,000 persons; and that the produce, at the present price, is worth 63,000,000 francs. The duties imposed by foreign states on French wines are stated to be as follows:—

By Sweden, on every hogshead of red or white wine	400 francs.
Norway	300
Prussia	500
Russia	750
England	1,800
The United States	100

Before the year 1789, 100,000 hogsheads of wine were annually exported from Bordeaux. Instead, however, of increasing, the petitioners, in support of their complaints, state, that since the year 1820 the annual exportation from Bordeaux has been only as follows:—

1820	61,110 hogsheads.
1821	63,244
1822	20,955
1823	51,329
1824	39,625
1825	46,314
1826	48,464
1827	54,492

They add, that the exportations of the last two years have been chiefly speculations, and not legitimate mercantile transactions.

Irish Foundation Stone.—Of a public work about to be commenced in America, an Irish

correspondent has handed us a notice from the Argus, wishing, he says, to do honour to "the gentleman who is to perform the ceremony of laying its foundation stone." "It is proposed to commence the Baltimore and Ohio rail-road on the 4th of July next, and to request the venerable Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, to *lift the first sod.*" The land of the *sod* could not afford a better illustration.

Stanzas by John Q. Adams, now President of the United States.

From lands beyond the vast Atlantic tide,
Celestial freedom's most beloved abode,
Painting I climb'd the mountain's craggy side,
And view'd the wondrous work of nature's God.
Where yonder summit, piercing to the skies,
Beholds the earth beneath it with disdain,
O'er all the regions round I cast my eyes,
And anxious sought my native home—in vain.
As to that native home which still enfolds
Those youthful friendships to my soul so dear,
Still you, my parents, in its bosom hold,
My fancy flew, I felt the starting tear.
Then, in the rustling of the morning wind,
Methought I heard a spirit whisper fair—
"Pilgrim, forbear! still upward raise thy mind,
Look to the skies—thy native home is there!"
Campbell's Literary Argus.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

The Anniversary; or, Poetry and Prose for 1829, edited by Allan Cunningham, and illustrated with Engravings (eighth in number) from the most distinguished Pictures and Drawings—is a new Annual announced for publication.

The Winter's Wreath, for 1830, is promised by Mr. George Smith, of Liverpool: to contain twelve beautiful line Engravings, combined with the literary efforts of many of our favourite authors.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Arnot's Elements of Physics, third edition, 8vo. 12. 1s. 6d.—Edinburgh Annual Register, 1830, 8vo. 12. 1s. 6d.—Emma de Lisau, 2 vols. 12mo. 12s. 6d.—Rose's New Series of Sermons at Lambro, 8vo. 8s. 6d.—Sweet's Practice of the County Courts, 8vo. 7s. 6d.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1828.

Mo.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday .. 29	From 52. 16 to 62.	29.53 to 29.50
Friday .. 30	— 50. — 62.	29.53 — 29.51
Saturday .. 31	— 50. — 62.	29.40 — 29.46
June.		
Sunday .. 1	— 49. — 67.	29.54 — 29.50
Monday .. 2	— 50. — 67.	29.56 — 29.54
Tuesday .. 3	— 50. — 64.	29.51 — 29.54
Wednesday .. 4	— 50. — 50.	29.51 — 29.46
Wind prevailing S.W.		
Except the 30th ult., and the 1st and 2d inst., generally cloudy, with frequent showers.		
Rain fallen .9 of an inch.		
Edmonton.		
Latitude	51° 37' 39" N.	CHARLES H. ADAMS.
Longitude	0° 51' W. of Greenwich.	

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The pressure of novelties obliges us to postpone Reviews of *Salathiel*, Dr. Eidon's Oracle, &c. as well as the continuation of curious journals relative to the tribes of Fernando Po, and other interesting matters. We purpose to conclude Captain Rock's Suppressed Volume in our next.

The War and the Lamb.—Some confusion seems to have been created with respect to the donation of the profits of this engraving to the Artists' Fund. The Lord Chancellor, at the Anniversary, complimented the painter, Mr. Mulready, in the highest tone of after-dinner eulogy, on his having given 1000*l.*, the sum cleared by the engraving from his picture, to the Fund; Mr. Mulready was so overpowered by the chairman's address, that he was unable to explain the error on which it proceeded, when he returned thanks. The real state of the case is, that a committee, consisting of twelve members of the Artists' Fund, was formed, with a view to ascertain how far the means of that Institution could be augmented by the publication of prints; and Mr. Mulready's picture was, by a ballot complimentary to that gentleman, selected to be engraved; and his Majesty most graciously lent the picture (which he had purchased, and which was in the royal collection) for that purpose. Mr. Robinson was commissioned by the Committee—the names of whom are attached to it—to engrave the plate; and the members themselves, by their strenuous exertions, procured subscribers to the print. It was by this united effort, sustained by great personal sacrifices, that the sum of 1000*l.* was realized, and the Artists' Fund, and its benevolent branch, severally augmented by the sum of 500*l.*

P. P. shall receive due attention: the subject on which he writes has been for a long while before us, and we have better materials for a history and illustrations of it, than are to be found even in the royal depositories, [in good time] We beg leave to explain his letter.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

BRITISH INSTITUTION, PALE MALL. The Gallery, with a Selection of the Works of the English, Spanish, Flemish, and Dutch Schools, is open daily, from Ten in the Morning until Six in the Evening.
Admission, 1*l.*—Catalogue, 1*l.*
WILLIAM BARNARD, Keeper.

SUFFOLK STREET GALLERY. Society of British Artists. The Fifth Annual Exhibition for the Sale of Works of Art by Living British Artists, is open daily, from Nine till Six.
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Suffolk Street, Pall Mall East.

THE GALLERY of the SOCIETY of PAINTERS in WATER COLOURS, in Pall Mall East, will CLOSE for the present season on Saturday, the 31st instant.
Admission, 1*l.*—Catalogue, 1*l.*
CHARLES WILD, Secretary.

MR. J. B. LANE'S great PICTURE, painted at Rome, and by which he incurred the Censure of the Inquisition, is now OPEN, at the King's Mess. Entrance from Charing Cross.
Admission, 1*l.*—Explanation and Statement, 6*d.*

Fall of Nineveh, Deluge, &c. &c.
THE EXHIBITION of the above PICTURES, Painted by Mr. MARTIN, the Painter of "Bethsazar's Feast," is now OPEN, at the Western Exchange, Old Bond Street, from Nine o'Clock till Six.
Admission, 1*l.*—Catalogue, 1*l.*
Subscribers for the Prints of the Fall of Nineveh, and Deluge, are received at the Exhibition Room, and at Mr. Martin's, 30, Allport Terrace.

THE EXHIBITION of PORTRAITS of the most illustrious Personages of English History, from the Galleries of the Nobility, and from Public Collections, is now OPEN, at Messrs. Harding and Lepard's, No. 4, Pall Mall East.
Admission, by Tickets only, which may be had, free of expense, on application as above.
Children under Fourteen, and Servants, not admitted.

MONUMENTAL TROPHY to His late MAJESTY. The Subscribers to the above are respectfully apprised, that the Public Meeting intended for the 4th instant, was, in consequence of Agent Rance, postponed to Wednesday next, the 11th instant, at the Thatched House Tavern, at Two o'Clock precisely.
By order of the Committee,
C. MEEADEN, Secretary.

This day is published,
BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE, No. CXL. for June 1829.
Contents: I. Old North and Young North; a Midsummer Day's Dream—II. A Strange Secret; related in a Letter from the Sunlight—III. The Man of Tint—IV. Wilson's Illustrations of Zoology—V. Nature's Farewell; by P. H.—VI. The Irish Yeoman; a Tale of the Year Nineteen—Chaps. 1, 2, and 3—VII. The British Colonies; Letter to His Grace the Duke of Wellington, &c. &c. by James M'Queen, Esq.—VIII. The Siege of Murrumbidgee; Letter from a Bengal Engineer—IX. The Reviewer reviewed; by Phœbus—X. A suffering Patient—XI. Illustrations of the Poor Laws—Printed for William Blackwood, 17, Princess Street, Edinburgh; and T. Cadell, Strand, London.

THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE for June 1 contains, among various other original Articles:—1. Public Affairs—2. A Sermon by the Right Hon. Richard Brinsley Sheridan, now first published from the original MS. in the possession of Mr. Upcott—3. The Marquis of Londonderry's Narrative of the Peninsular War—4. Mohammedine Songs—5. Dr. Farr and the Tempus Fugit Club—6. Gog and Magog; by one of the Authors of "Rejected Addresses"—7. Table Talk Abroad, No. 41: the Bar, the Court of Exchequer, Exeter, Graham, Wood, Thompson, and Garraw; the Lord Chief Baron Alexander, &c.—8. Fashionable Novels; a Marriage in High Life; Pelham; or, Adventure of a Gentleman; At Home, &c.—9. Walks in Rome and its Environs; the Forum—10. Anthropology—11. Sketches of Parisian Society, &c.—12. Travelling Abroad—13. Rambles in New South Wales—14. The Banns of the Mind; a Poem, by Mrs. Hemans—15. The Great Gibelet—16. The Singsong—17. Epigram on Mademoiselle Sémiz—17. Reviews of the New Publications of the Month—18. The Drama, Fine Arts, Public Amusements, Varieties, &c. &c.
Printed for Henry Colburn, 5, New Burlington Street.

THE FOREIGN QUARTERLY REVIEW, No. IV. will be published on Thursday, June 18th.
25, Stoke Square, June 2d, 1829.

THE LONDON MAGAZINE, Third Series, No. III. contains:—1. Reflections on the Law—No. 1. The History of a Suit—II. Mr. Hunt in Paris—III. Our Village—IV. A Visit to an Abbey of La Trappe, with some Account of the Rules and Regulations of the Order—V. The Garden Gibelet—VI. On the State and Prospects of Portugal—VII. The Deserted House—VIII. Notes on Art—IX. Contemporary Foreign Authors and Statesmen; No. 5. M. Lottin, with a Preliminary Notice of the Chamber of Deputies—X. The History of Water in London—XI. Private Correspondence; No. 4. House of Commons, Session 1828—Supply of Anatomical Subjects—XII. Foreign Periodicals, No. 8—XIII. Poetry for the Month of May—XIV. The Editor's Room.
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